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The Week

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's annual message to Congress contained no surprises for those who have carefully watched his attitude on the chief questions of the day. He declared that the general policies of the New Deal are here to stay, and that the government will continue to supervise business, though without "dictation." He indicated that he is determined to go on with the attempt to raise prices and to establish permanently a managed currency. External stabilization of the dollar is not yet possible because "certain sister nations" (*i.e.*, Great Britain) are not yet ready for it. He made some remarks about coöperation between the executive and the legislative branches of the government, which some frightened conservatives promptly, and needlessly, interpreted as a proposal to upset the Constitution. He denounced wealthy tax evaders; repeated his pledge against forcible intervention in the affairs of other countries, and said that while we would enter into no political agreements with Europe, we stand ready to join any movement for reduction of armament or elimination of barriers

to trade. (This last promise must have sounded a little odd in the ears of foreigners who have found Mr. Roosevelt excessively hard-boiled in using foreign trade as a device to help consummate his domestic policies.) While the President's speech was, in general, an endorsement of "a planned society," he failed, as on all previous occasions, to indicate any decisive intention to move sharply to the Left. While he sympathized with the consumer and would "save and encourage" his desire for "sufficient organization to insist upon fair prices and honest sales," he made no clear promise to "crack down" on industry on the consumer's behalf. In other words, the New Deal is to continue to go partly to the Right, partly to the Left, and a great deal along the path of least resistance.

THE new Russo-Japanese war, which everybody seems to be taking for granted, will either be fought within the next two years or else will be indefinitely postponed. That is one of the chief lessons to be drawn from the second Five Year Plan, the details of which are discussed elsewhere in this issue. Russia won't attack—this much can be taken for granted. Japan may attack, but only in case her military leaders see a good prospect of victory and spoils. In other words, the stronger Russia grows in the East, the weaker become the prospects of war. The second Five Year Plan is calculated to strengthen Russia immeasurably. In the first place, it involves the building of new railroads, including a new line from Europe to the Pacific, paralleling the old Trans-Siberian to the north. Instead of having one steel track, Siberia will be covered by a network of them. The movement of troops and supplies will be a simple matter. In the second place, the chief seat of the Russian war industries will be east of the Urals, at least two days by train nearer to Manchuria. Steel, coal, copper, tractors, textiles, all these necessities for modern warfare will be produced in Siberia itself. In two years—in three at the most—Japan will be willing to sign a non-aggression treaty, *if she hasn't attacked already*. Her military leaders are talking about the "necessity" for seizing the Russian oil wells on Sakhalin Island and for closing the port of Vladivostok, now, while the Soviets are still comparatively weak. There is not the least doubt that the Japanese mili-

tary forces are superior to those which the Soviets could now concentrate and maintain in the Far East. But modern wars aren't fought with armies alone: they are also fought with factories, banks, whole populations. And there are the gravest doubts that the Japanese economic and social structure is strong enough to withstand a war that would last longer than a few months.

THE Fukien rebellion seems to be collapsing. The armies of the Chinese central government—incidentally with the help of American airplanes and munitions—are driving a wedge between the rebel forces and their Communist allies in the neighboring province of Kiangsi. Having captured several big cities, the government troops are now within striking distance of the rebel capital. But it is a question whether that capital will ever be taken by force. There are rumors of secret negotiations with the rebel leaders, who will be offered high government posts as a reward for rebelling—and thus the whole matter will be settled amicably, in the Chinese manner, to the satisfaction of everybody except the peasants and soldiers who have been supporting the rebellion in the hope of freeing themselves from the double yoke of capitalism and feudalism. And yet this Fukien revolution started out in a more promising fashion than most of the civil wars from which China suffers. Its announced aim was to set up a real people's government, independent of Japanese influence—and for the first time in Chinese history, one of the bourgeois factions made an alliance with the Chinese Communists, thus breaking the iron ring that has surrounded them. Now the Communists, after a short breathing spell and with the help of a few fresh recruits, must return to the lonely defensive warfare which they have been waging for six years with conspicuous heroism.

WE RECORD with pleasure two items of good news in the last week's grist. Twenty-four hours after last week's New Republic appeared on the newsstands with its article about "Harvey and Charlie," Mr. Charles S. McCain, chairman of the board of the Chase National, resigned that office. Mr. McCain is the "Charlie" of our article, which reported testimony brought out before the Senate Banking Committee as to his relations with Mr. Harvey Couch of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The other item of news that we regard as good, and for the same reason, is the resignation of Mr. Earle Bailie as special assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. The New Republic opposed Mr. Bailie's having a post in the Treasury on the ground that he was one of the chief figures in the New York banking house of J. and W. Seligman, whose curious transactions in the course of floating a Peruvian bond issue are now well known to the public. This paper has no ill will toward Messrs. McCain and Bailie as individuals. We do not doubt that they are charming fellows each the

center of a large ring of adoring friends. We believe, however, that the banking system of the United States is in desperate need of a drastic overhauling; and that this is impossible so long as men closely identified in the public mind with the worst practices of the past continue to hold important posts, either in the banks themselves or in government bureaus which are actually charged with the task of reformation.

THE Roosevelt administration's Pure Food and Drugs bill—the so-called Tugwell bill—has been rewritten and reintroduced in the Senate. As was to be feared, following the protests raised by the food and drug manufacturers at the hearings in Washington last month, the revised version is considerably weaker than the original. It still remains a better measure than the present Food and Drugs Act—since it brings cosmetics and advertising within the scope of federal control—but on at least five points it falls short of what the food and drug authorities felt was necessary for adequate protection of public health:

The requirement that a patent medicine must disclose its formula on the label has been dropped. Thus those who use patent medicines must continue to do so without knowing what drugs they are taking.

The provision making it necessary for a patent medicine that was not a cure, but merely a palliative, to carry in its advertising the statement "Not a cure" has also been eliminated. In the revised bill the drug advertiser need merely describe how the palliation is effected. For those unfamiliar with pharmaceutical jargon, such statements may be quite unintelligible and certainly not so instructive as the phrase "Not a cure."

Another section of the bill prohibits advertising of drugs for some fifty diseases—cancer, tuberculosis, etc.—"wherein self-medication may be especially dangerous, or patently contrary to the interest of public health." The Tugwell bill permitted the Secretary of Agriculture to add other diseases to this list when protection of the public health required it. In the revised bill, this power has been taken away.

The definition of false advertising has also been modified. Where, in the Tugwell bill, it was defined as false if it was "untrue, or by ambiguity or inference creates a misleading impression," it is now defined as false if it is "false or misleading in any particular."

The provision in the Tugwell bill giving the Secretary of Agriculture power to set up quality standards for foods has also been weakened so that now he has authority to establish only minimum standards. Minimum standards are of little value in guiding consumers in the purchase of foods.

In addition to these, there are numerous other concessions to the food and drug interests throughout the revised bill. Most of these were probably necessary to get the measure through Congress. They are, none the less, as Mr. Tugwell has said, "very disappointing," and show the need for a vigorous public campaign if a truly effective pure-food law is to be obtained. Despite these weaknesses, however,

the revised Tugwell bill is far superior to a similar measure, which Representative Black introduced in the House last week, that is in substance only what the patent-medicine men themselves wanted.

IF ONE goes to college to learn what the world is like, a group of Yale students have recently been getting a beautiful education. A number of workers in a New Haven foundry not long ago went on strike; and a few Yale undergraduates gave them support to the extent of participating in a picket line outside the gates of the foundry. Thereupon these students were promptly arrested; they were denounced by most of the New Haven newspapers, while some of the Yale faculty and student body indicated their sharp disapproval of students "interfering in outside affairs." (Many others supported them and indicated this support publicly.) Two of these students were brought into court and sentenced on trumped-up charges to \$60 or sixty days, in one case, and \$25 or twenty-five days in the other. (One of them was guilty of nothing except looking at the badge number of a policeman.) The judge who sentenced them went out of his way to excoriate them in court. To one, for instance, he said:

I don't think the people of New Haven are interested in any pet theory you may have, especially in the type of lawlessness you tried to perpetrate here. I think you have more to do with bringing about this situation than anybody else. I certainly hope if you have any more pet theories you will wait to expound them until you get in your own home town. I suppose you won't have the courage to try them there.

This tirade was occasioned by the charge that the students and the strikers were radicals, which as usual was dragged into the dispute. Actually, only one of the strikers is a Communist, and the students' participation in the strike had nothing to do with radicalism. The Judge's action stirred up much indignation among both students and faculty; and perhaps as a result of this, the state has dropped one of the two cases (both had been appealed). Certainly the Yale student body has had visible evidence of the fact that the organized forces of the community are always eager to punish anyone who takes the part of the underdog in an industrial struggle.

A FEW months ago Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, was the scene of a dispute between certain members of the faculty and the college administrative officials. One of the faculty was dismissed under circumstances that he regarded as unfair. Shortly thereafter, five additional members of the faculty were either dismissed or resigned under pressure, the chief reason being that each of the individuals in question disagreed with the procedure followed in the first case, or with the general attitude of President Hamilton Holt. The American Association of University Professors, in accordance

with its custom, sent a committee to Rollins to investigate, and the report of this committee is published in its bulletin for November, 1933. Rollins College has also published a bulletin on this subject. It is entitled "The American Association of University Professors: A Study of Its Procedure," and the copy in The New Republic's possession is anonymous. We urge all our readers who are interested in the question of academic freedom to read these two illuminating documents. Space does not permit us to go into the details of the controversy, but we feel justified in asserting that the A.A.U.P. completely proves its case against Rollins and Dr. Holt. It offers convincing evidence that Dr. Holt and the Rollins trustees feel entitled to discharge faculty members, broadly speaking, as they please. "Loyalty" to Dr. Holt is clearly put above loyalty to the individual's educational ideals. The tragic thing about this situation is that it is not exceptional, but to a large degree typical of American college life today. There are hundreds of other small institutions whose presidents or boards of trustees act quite as ruthlessly as do those at Rollins. These colleges will never come to full intellectual stature until it is recognized that only the members of the faculty, or a responsible committee drawn from their ranks, should have the power of discipline over one of themselves.

EVER since the assassination of Premier Duca, there has been a Cabinet crisis in Rumania; apparently it is now at an end. Nicolas Titulescu, leader of the Liberal party and the country's outstanding statesman, has consented to assume the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But before entering the Cabinet, he got King Carol to promise that he would continue the present foreign policy of Rumania, and would agree to important changes in its internal affairs. King Carol has recently been trying to break away from the Little Entente and reach an understanding with Germany. Titulescu, on the other hand, has always served as a connecting link between Rumania and France and wants to preserve the Little Entente, of which he is the real founder. He also wants to suppress the anti-Semitic "Iron Guards," who murdered Duca—by attacking them he expects to weaken their ally, the National Peasant party, which has been the chief opponent of the present government. For the moment Titulescu has won. But he is likely to meet with some lively intrigues from King Carol, who has always sympathized with the Rumanian fascists and who, in case they defeated Titulescu's Liberal party, would probably swing Rumania in the direction of the German Nazis. Carol, after all, is a descendant of the Hohenzollerns.

SECRETARY Wallace in his annual report remarks that "there has been some tendency for manufacturers and business groups to pyramid increased costs in consumers' goods." There has indeed. Recent figures from the Consumers' Counsel of the

Agricultural Administration give point to the Secretary's remark. A large mail-order house, facing popular objection to rising retail prices, felt itself driven to explain to its customers just what had happened to its own wholesale costs between March and October. The explanation shows the total increase in wholesale costs of a number of articles and adds a generous calculation of how much of that increase can be attributed to higher labor and raw material costs under the N.R.A. The balance of the increase is left unaccounted for; obviously, it represents brazen profiteering, and profiteering in defiance of the blanket code under which many manufacturers agreed to avoid it. So for instance, wall switches have risen 144 percent, March to October, but only 15 percent of this increase can be accounted for by a legitimate advance in costs. Pails have risen 63 percent, and less than half of this advance is due to the N.R.A.; furnaces, 21 percent, with more than half the increase simple profiteering; various items of clothing, approximately 60-percent increase, with approximately a quarter of the increase unaccounted for. If the manufacturers' promises in the N.R.A. codes mean no more than this, the consumers are indeed in for a species of Raw Deal.

The Big, Bad Budget

A BUDGET report that forecasts a deficit of \$7,000 million in the current fiscal year, government borrowing of \$10,000 million in the next six months, and an increase of the federal public debt to an all-time high of about \$30,000 million, ought, it would seem, to please the strongest advocates of governmental spending during a depression. Those who believe in a balanced budget at all costs, and no matter what immediate injury is caused, ought to be the chief objectors, on the face of the figures. Nevertheless an examination of the details of the budget forces *The New Republic* to express alarm. This budget is, paradoxically, at once too big and too small. It is far too big to be safe, the contemplated uses of the money being what they are. But a budget that involved the borrowing of \$20,000 million and raising the national debt to \$40,000 million would be far safer if the spending of the money were to be differently apportioned. Let us indicate briefly what we mean.

In the fiscal year ending next June 30, the deficit is to be caused by the emergency expenditures. The ordinary expenses of running the government are to be more than balanced by the current receipts. (These ordinary expenses include the benefit payments to farmers; and the current receipts include the compensating taxes.) We are therefore chiefly concerned with the emergency expenditures and with their probable result.

Now there are two kinds of emergency expenditures. One kind represents the mere transference of debt from private creditors to the federal govern-

ment. It is not an attempt to put more money into circulation and stimulate activity, but an attempt to validate the capital of the banks, railroads, insurance companies and the like. It is the sort of depression-relief begun by Hoover with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Private creditors are endangered by the inability or reluctance of debtors to pay. The federal government steps in and substitutes its own obligations for those of the private debtor. This looks like a good exchange for the owner of debt-capital. But it is good only so long as the credit of the government is good. If the debtors cannot pay the government any better than they could pay their private creditors, one of two results will occur. Either the taxpayers will have to foot the bill, or the government will default and the debts will be worthless anyway. In other words, this debt-saving expenditure is a tremendous gamble on future recovery. If recovery comes, debtors can pay and taxpayers can pay. If recovery does not come, it is merely a delay of essential capital deflation, which will arrive with catastrophic suddenness. The other kind of emergency expenditure is productive. It pays wages and salaries, starts business activity. Public works are a sample of this kind of spending. This is a positive effort to bring the recovery that will be necessary to validate the debts.

There are three logical policies, one of which a government may choose. One is to spend but little on debt saving, and also to spend little on recovery stimulation. Such a course would rest on the assumption that recovery will come in due course as a result of a sufficient amount of debt deflation, and that, when it does come, it will validate whatever debt has not in the meantime been written off. There is, therefore, no good reason for the government to intervene. The second policy is to spend a lot on debt saving and also to spend a lot on recovery stimulation. This policy would rest on the assumption that it is possible for the government to save the debt because it is possible for the government to stimulate recovery. A third course would be to spend a lot on recovery stimulation without trying to save the debt, on the theory that if it were possible for the government to stimulate recovery, the debt would be largely saved in any case, while if the recovery stimulation failed, it would be better for the government not to hold the debt bag. But the one policy that is illogical on any assumption is to spend a lot on debt saving without spending much on recovery stimulation. This is the policy begun by Hoover, and it is the policy that seems to have been continued in this budget by Roosevelt.

Out of the \$7,523 million of emergency expenditures in the present fiscal year, but \$1,227 million will be spent on public works, housing and the like. Other expenditures which are in a sense productive, because they pass out money which will immediately be spent and will circulate, are \$400 million for the Civil Works Administration and \$382 million for the Civilian Conservation Corps. Perhaps

\$200 million will go to the Tennessee Valley Authority. Add a possible sum of \$400 million more for continuation of the Civil Works Administration and, for good measure, perhaps another \$300 million out of an unspecified item for further emergency expenditure, and you have a total for recovery stimulation amounting to not more than \$2,900 million. The rest of the emergency budget, or over \$4,600 million, will be devoted to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other debt-saving agencies. And after the budget was in, the President added another \$4,000 million for guaranteeing the principal of home-loan and farm-loan bonds.

The \$1,227 million for public works comes from the \$3,300 million appropriated for that purpose by Congress last spring. Owing to delays avoidable and unavoidable, less than half the amount appropriated will be spent during the current fiscal year. How about the fiscal year beginning next July? Then the President expects to be able to spend another \$1,090 million—still from the original appropriation. He does not call for any more money for the same purpose. He does ask for miscellaneous appropriations of \$114 million and undesignated emergency appropriations of \$2,000 million. Suppose—as is unlikely—that all this money will be used for recovery stimulation and not for debt saving. Still the total recovery expenditure in the next fiscal year will be only \$3,204 million. And the President assumes that there will be no more net expenditures by the debt-saving agencies, but rather refunds of \$480 million to the R.F.C. He is guessing, from then on, that the debt obligations held by the government will be good, and principal and interest on them will be paid in full. In other words, he is counting on revival. Surely this is a gigantic gamble, in view of the relatively limited amounts that he is expecting to put into active stimulation.

What signs are there of recovery? Still relatively few. Ever since July business activity has been sinking, until at the end of the year the figures were not greatly above the levels of twelve months before. The problem of stimulating the capital-goods industries is still unsolved. It is doubtful if the expenditure of only \$3,300 million on public works, spread over the next year and a half, will contribute much to its solution. The production-restriction programs under the N.R.A. will injure the capital-goods and construction industries more than they will help. The policy of private employers, now in control under the codes, of raising prices of manufactured goods more rapidly than wage incomes and farm incomes are rising, will actively delay larger consumption and hence larger production and revival.

What is to be done? We have probably gone too far now in the debt-saving direction to cut down materially the government's commitments for this purpose. Too many obligations have already been undertaken. But the risk of blocking recovery by blocking debt deflation may be minimized if the government will make these debts easier to pay by

drastically reducing interest rates on farm and house mortgages, and perhaps as well on loans to railroads and banks. At the same time the government should reduce the interest rates on its own obligations as much as possible by a great refunding program. A general reduction of the interest rate is a practical and orderly form of debt deflation, and will also tend to stimulate new borrowing. At the same time the government should prepare to spend much more on recovery stimulation. It should make its financial position safer by a much larger budget, devoted in greater proportion to public works, housing and the like. Having gone as far as it has already, the government must go much further in order to avoid peril. And then if the President will make the N.R.A. an instrument for expanding production by large volume of operation at low prices rather than by restricted volume at high, he will have a chance of pulling through.

As exemplified in this budget and in certain other policies of the government, the recovery program seems to be a policy of saving capital values without stimulating capitalist production. Such a policy can lead only to disaster.

The Progressives' Dilemma

AMONG the casualties of the New Deal are the progressives. For almost a year, President Roosevelt and his associates have stolen the spotlight so completely that everyone else has been in eclipse. While there are many good Democratic progressives, the most important of the old progressive group are Republicans. Some of them went down before the Democratic juggernaut of November, 1932; and some others are in danger of being crushed when they come up for reelection, in the near future. The shattered remnants of the Republican party throughout the country appear to be hopelessly reactionary: when they don't look to the unbelievable Mr. Hoover, they seem to look to the still more unbelievable Mr. Ogden Mills. What, then, are the progressive Republicans to do? Shall they go over to the Democrats, lock, stock and barrel? Shall they lead a probably hopeless third-party movement out into the desert, there to starve to death as so many other third-party movements have done before? Is there any hope of aligning them with a genuinely radical movement which is much farther to the left than most of them have as yet indicated a willingness to go?

Some of these questions were answered, at least tentatively, at a recent conference of progressive leaders at Chicago, attended by such well known figures as the La Follette brothers of Wisconsin, Senator Cutting of New Mexico and a number of other leaders from Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, etc. At the time it was held, this meeting was not reported in the press. Since then, however, enough has been disclosed to indicate that it was significant.

Perhaps the most striking thing developed at the conference is the attitude of the progressives who attended it toward President Roosevelt and the New Deal. They do not believe the President's measures will be sufficiently drastic to get the country out of this depression and keep it out of the next one. They are, of course, in sympathy with many ideas of the liberal wing of the administration; their pessimism is based on the fact that they do not feel that the President will adopt these ideas soon enough or completely enough to attain the all-important objective of greatly increased purchasing power among the masses of the American people.

At the same time, they face, as we have suggested, an embarrassing practical dilemma. Three of the best known progressive senatorial leaders—Robert La Follette of Wisconsin, Bronson Cutting of New Mexico and Hiram Johnson of California (a right-wing member of the group)—come up for reelection next November. The Democratic tide which was running so strongly last year is still in evidence, so far as political observers can judge. If Mr. Roosevelt were to encourage outstanding progressive Democrats to run against these men, and to give such Democrats his blessing, the results might be disastrous, especially to progressive Republicans who are in bad odor with the state organizations of their own party—as what progressive is not? Among the similar group in the House of Representatives, the situation is even worse, since all of them must be reelected next fall—or retire to private life, at least temporarily. The general view of political wiseacres seems to be that Mr. Roosevelt, with all the reservations which must be made about him, is far enough to the Left in the eyes of the public so that much the heaviest opposition for the present will be that from the Right. If you exclude the Communists and orthodox Socialists, who feel (with good reason) that he has not gone far enough, there is only a thin strip of territory, so to speak, before you get to the people who believe that he is, or soon will be, radical enough in his views to suit everybody.

It is interesting to know, on the basis of the Chicago conference, that many of the important progressive leaders nevertheless intend to take their stand in that narrow strip. They are prepared to stick to their principles even if—ultimate horror to most politicians—it means at least temporary retirement from office. There was a strong sentiment among them, for example, in favor of demanding immediate and complete public ownership and operation of the banking system—a demand which most political experts say would cut them off from any sympathetic hearing among admirers of the New Deal. There was, similarly, a demand for the nationalization of all public utilities, and some of those present would define "utilities" as including *all* the common necessities of life. It will be argued that such an attitude logically puts these gentlemen into the Socialist ranks; to which the answer is, that these are practical politicians, who believe that the

word Socialism has a fatal aroma in American nostrils, and that if they once got this odor into their clothes, they would be sent into the wilderness forever. What we may see, therefore, is a succession of politically important figures in the Middle West and Far West who are likely next November deliberately to invite the lightning to strike, with the expectation that even though it does, they will rise, well preserved corpses, from the grave in 1936 . . . or '38 or '40.

One obvious possibility is, of course, that during the next few years Middle Western progressivism may take on some of the habiliments of American Fascism. The pronouncements of the progressives are radical; but so were the pronouncements of Mussolini and Hitler before they came to power. We are not suggesting that men like the La Follettes are likely deliberately to abandon the democratic dogma; but only that they might find themselves participants in a movement which would get out of their control and go in a direction which they certainly would not at present contemplate with any pleasure. The progressives—and many other people—see disturbing social movements developing in this country. Some of them describe these movements as a tidal wave, and they intend if possible to influence this wave and canalize it in socially useful directions. Such an ambition is obviously praiseworthy; but it does not at all answer the question whether the progressives will swallow the wave or vice versa.

The progressives on the whole are for nationalism as against internationalism; so are the Fascists. The progressives on the whole are for preserving private capitalism and for maintaining the predominance of the middle class; so are the Fascists. The progressives, in their narrow No Man's Land, need an army for which they can be the generals; as the recent report in *The New Republic* by Messrs. Rodman and Loeb indicated, the Fascists are in some sections rolling up an amazing strength with great rapidity. We do not predict that this strange amalgamation will happen; we only observe that here is a pot which deserves watching—lest it boil.

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Birth Control's Business Baby

THE SUPPORTERS of birth control meeting in Washington January 15 find themselves in a paradoxical situation. They are obliged at one and the same time to advocate more and less birth control. They are advocating more, in that they are fostering the opening of birth-control clinics, instructing doctors in contraceptive technique and attempting to influence Congress to pass a bill permitting contraceptive supplies and information to be sent through the mails and by express to doctors, medical schools and hospitals. They are advocating less, in that they find it necessary to warn the public against the increasing flood of contraceptive products, ranging in quality from good to very bad, but for the most part quite inferior, which are being openly sold all over the country, in drug stores, by peddlers and by mail.

Indeed, the present situation is an amazing one. There are federal laws against sending contraceptives or information about them through the mails, or by express or common carrier in interstate commerce. There are laws in many states forbidding the advertisement and sale of medicines and articles for preventing conception, and other states have obscenity statutes that might be invoked to prevent the circulation of contraceptive information.

But none the less, an extensive and thriving business is being done in every variety of contraceptive. One authority states that there are over three hundred manufacturers, many of them doing a nationwide business, and this does not include the scores of doctors and druggists who put up their own products, according to their personal formulas, for local distribution. Drug stores are suffering from the competition not only of other types of retail stores, but of peddlers. A number of firms have crews of door-to-door saleswomen covering the metropolitan areas. Other firms, which sell to men, send their agents through factories and offices. Mail-order houses have entered the field as distributors, offering a varied line of contraceptive goods to rural families who live remote from doctor and druggist. Advertising is being done on an increasing scale in the most varied types of publications. Perhaps the only sign of deference to the laws is that this advertising does not speak of birth control, or contraception, but uses certain euphemistic terms.

Undoubtedly various intangible factors, such as the increase of higher education and more tolerant sex standards, must be held accountable in part for the change in public opinion that has permitted this tremendous commercial growth in the face of repressive legislation. Yet a preponderant share of responsibility rests, however inadvertently, on the shoulders of the birth-control movement and on

those members of the medical profession who have side-stepped the issue.

Twenty years ago, when Margaret Sanger first became convinced, as a result of her work as a nurse in the slums of New York City, that women should know how to limit the size of their families, the problem seemed to her simply one of free speech. If doctors and nurses only dared tell these poor women what they know. . . . Later, in her own pursuit of knowledge, she discovered that the doctors and nurses themselves did not know of any simple, safe, method that could be used effectively by women with varying intelligence and limited facilities.

In 1913 and again in 1914-15 Mrs. Sanger went abroad and studied the new methods that had been evolved in France, England and Holland. It was in the last country, where birth-control clinics had been functioning over a period of years with a high degree of success, that the most progress had been made. Mrs. Sanger learned the Dutch methods from their chief exponent, Dr. Johannes Rutgers, and returned to America armed with the knowledge.

The next few years were devoted to intensive propaganda. Largely as a result, the prevention of conception, once an obscure and unmentionable subject, became a topic of open—and heated—discussion all over the country. Mrs. Sanger made the nation birth-control conscious. And in so doing she prepared the ground for the commercial exploitation that was to come. So long as contraception was wholly unknown and tabu, saleswomen could not get very far with their prospects. But when "birth control" became a familiar and at least partially respectable term, all that was needed to induce a woman to order contraceptive wares by mail, or to buy them from peddlers, or to ask her druggist for them, was skillful advertising.

In 1923 the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau opened in New York City, with a woman physician as medical director. This clinic gave contraceptive instruction and supplied with materials any married woman who needed this information for the cure or prevention of disease, this restriction being rendered necessary by the wording of the New York State law. The method taught in the majority of cases was learned by Mrs. Sanger in Holland—the use of a rubber device in conjunction with an antiseptic jelly. The device came in different sizes and had to be fitted to the individual patient by the physician.

But neither device nor jelly was being manufactured in the United States, and the federal law strictly forbade the importation of any medicine or article for preventing conception. What was to be done? The Clinic promptly set about trying to find a manufacturer who would be willing to make

these articles for them. Strangely enough, in view of later developments, they found this difficult. No manufacturer was willing to produce an article which seemed likely to get him into trouble with the government and which could at first enjoy only a limited sale, since it had to be dispensed by physicians most of whom were ignorant of the method. Finally a firm agreed to undertake the job if some other company would distribute the goods.

By 1925 several other clinics had opened and doctors were beginning to take an interest in the new method, so the manufacturers met with a gratifying demand. In 1928 the distributing company began manufacturing its own materials and another company was formed to distribute the rubber device of the original firm and to manufacture jelly. A few other concerns began entering the field at about this time.

Now these first firms had high ethical standards. They were, in fact, non-commercial in character, since their officers were for the most part men and women who had been active in the birth-control movement and were chiefly interested in seeing the newly opened clinics get supplies of good quality. And because they sold only to the medical profession, their profits were necessarily limited. But their employees were not always so social-minded. They were lured by the prospect of big profits to be made by selling to the general public. The rubber device, to be sure, could not be very widely sold, since it had to be fitted to the individual, but no such restriction limited the sale of jellies. These did not form a reliable method when used alone, but at that they were better, on the whole, than the chemicals—tablets and powders—that had been on the market for years. So sales managers and shipping clerks who had learned some of their companys' trade secrets went off and started rival jelly-manufacturing concerns of their own.

At about this time a legal case occurred which was to establish the rights of contraceptive manufacturers. A "prophylactic" concern with a nationwide business sued a rival for infringement of trademark. The question arose whether the business was a legal one, entitled to protection of its trademark. The decision was in favor of the plaintiff, stating that the business was legal in so far as sales were confined to druggists and to jobbers who agree to sell only to drug stores. The decision, moreover, suggested that the sending of contraceptive supplies or information through the mails would not be a violation of the federal laws unless this material was to be used illegally.

This decision, handed down in 1930, opened wide the door of opportunity to the contraceptive manufacturers. Up to this time they had been afraid to advertise; now they sent circulars through the mails to doctors, druggists and the general public, and began placing advertisements in magazines. Fortunately for them, the term "feminine hygiene" had been coined shortly before. By diligent and

untiring efforts they made this innocuous-sounding phrase, to which the government had no objection, synonymous in the public mind with "contraception." Hence the present ambiguous situation: You may advertise any and every kind of contraceptive product, but you must not speak of "contraception" or "birth control." You may speak of "feminine hygiene" or, more recently, "marriage hygiene," and make your meaning clear by references to "protection" and "security."

When it was perceived that, by a judicious use of language, contraceptive wares could be advertised and distributed as freely as any other class of goods, there was a big rush to horn in on the profits. Dozens of jellies were put out, and the brands of many old-fashioned products multiplied rapidly. Manufacturers of antiseptics ran national advertising campaigns to get their products used as contraceptives. The "prophylactic" concerns shared in the general expansion, their business becoming four or five times what it had been fifteen years before.

One result of the greater security of the contraceptive manufacturers in the last few years has been the withdrawal of trade from the drug store in favor of less reputable methods of distribution. Some druggists assert that the competition of peddlers has cut their sales in half. A survey of the western part of Florida in 1932 revealed that "prophylactics" were being sold in 376 places other than drug stores. These included gas stations, garages, restaurants, soda fountains, barber shops, pool rooms, cigar stands, news stands, shoe-shine shops, grocery stores. Similar conditions apparently prevail over most of the country. Slot machines have made their appearance in several states. Incidentally, it is not without interest that the sale of "prophylactics"—also, to be sure, used for the prevention of disease—is probably greater than that of all other contraceptives put together. Some idea of the volume of business done may be gained from the statement a few years ago by a medical authority that about two million such articles are used daily in the United States, and from the court testimony of the president of one concern that its business ran to 12,000 gross a month, 20 million a year.

Peddling is on the increase, and the methods employed are often highly unscrupulous. One concern, for instance, sends women around selling a mechanical device that needs to be fitted by a physician to be effective and has these women advise the customer that if the article does not fit she can get it changed at the nearest birth-control clinic. Another concern has been sending its saleswomen among the very poor to peddle a certain intra-uterine device that is dubious enough even when fitted by a physician and is almost sure to cause serious trouble when placed by the woman herself.

The larger firms are turning out some fine flowers of advertising copy. Like most of the patent-medicine people, they play upon the fears and ignorance of the public. "An age-old worry—a con-

stant uneasiness—a helpless gamble with health . . . these are the heritage and ever present handicap of all women.” And if we inquire what this worry that besets helpless woman is, we are told it is “worry over the possibility that the very next leaf of the calendar may find her facing a physical crisis which she is ill prepared to meet.”

A Western firm has produced this luscious specimen of the copywriter’s art:

She was a lovely creature before she married . . . beautiful, healthy and happy. But since her marriage she seems forever worried, nervous and irritable . . . always dreading what seems inevitable. Her husband, too, seems to share her secret worry. Frankly, they are no longer happy. Poor girl, she doesn’t know that she’s headed for the divorce court. . . . And, yet, that tragedy could be so easily avoided, *if she only knew*.

Having established a proper sense of apprehension in the feminine mind, the copywriter then goes on to explain how all these worries can be banished by the superlative product that he happens to be paid to write about:

Days of depressing anxiety, a wedded life in which happiness is marred by fear and uncertainty—these need be yours no longer. Today every woman may learn the facts to which she is entitled, without which married life is a hopeless gamble against the forces of Nature.

Then follow excessive claims, sometimes of 100-percent efficacy, often accompanied by the endorsements of physicians or clinics that are found upon investigation not to exist at all or never to have heard of the product.

The advertising campaigns of the manufacturers of antiseptics are, from the public-health point of view, peculiarly unfortunate. The simple use of an antiseptic is one of the most ineffective of contraceptive methods and is condemned by gynecologists. Yet public ignorance of contraceptive technique is such that high-pressure advertising on the part of a few big firms has resulted in the widespread use of their products as contraceptives. Moreover, some of these antiseptics are dangerous if employed in too strong solution, as they might be in the hands of a woman not fully instructed in their use; though some of the most widely circulated women’s magazines have carried full-page advertisements of such products.

The situation in the contraceptive business is of course similar to that prevailing in the whole patent-medicine field. But there is one important difference. A woman using, let us say, a cough remedy, can, if she wishes, write to the American Medical Association or to the United States Public Health Service and find out what the standing of that particular product is. Then, if her cough gets worse, she can, and probably will, go to a doctor. If she should ask the advice of a nurse or social worker, she would be promptly recommended to a responsible practitioner or clinic.

But what is the situation of the woman who, for health or economic reasons, should not have more children? If she seeks medical advice on contraception, she is likely to be refused, unless her family doctor is an unusually progressive and courageous man, or unless she happens to live near a birth-control clinic. On the other hand, she sees plenty of contraceptives advertised in the magazines she reads; she knows she can get others in her drug store. But neither the government, the A.M.A., nor any other organization will give her any advice as to the relative merits of these products. The best she can do is to pick one whose advertising appeals to her and hope for the best.

It is true that chemical means of contraception are subject to a minimal amount of government regulation under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, which provides that labels must not make false claims and must state the presence of various poisons. But the Act does not prevent utterly worthless products from being sold, or wild advertising claims from being made for them. The Tugwell food, drugs and cosmetics bill has not yet attained final form, but it promises to be stricter than the present Act. It is to be hoped that it will, if passed, serve to give good products an advantage over poor ones. As for mechanical means of contraception, no regulation or supervision is provided by either the present or proposed drug act, or by any other statute.

What has happened is that the contraceptive business has outgrown the birth-control movement. When the movement first sponsored the establishment of manufacturing firms to supply clinics, it hatched a duckling—and a lively duckling at that—which rapidly swam away from the control of its foster parent out into the sea of commerce. For today advertisers are appealing to a public still generally ignorant of contraceptive technique and unable, for the most part, to obtain medical advice. The hospitals and doctors that do give such advice cannot, of course, advertise to the public, and neither, strangely enough, can the commercial firms that supply them—at least, not in any effective manner. One large house that sells to hospitals, clinics and physicians wanted to run an advertisement in some woman’s magazine urging women to consult their doctors in regard to birth control. No magazine would consent to take this, though a number of them had been running advertisements of questionable “feminine hygiene” products. The reason underlying such editorial decisions is largely a legal one: “feminine hygiene” has been permitted to run unmolested; mentioning “birth control” might bring prosecution. This same fear of prosecution doubtless holds back many doctors in states where the physician’s rights in this matter are not clearly defined.

It was such considerations that led Margaret Sanger to form a National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, which aims to obtain amendments exempting doctors, hospitals and clin-

ics from the sections of the federal law pertaining to the prevention of conception. Bills to achieve this purpose are now pending in Congress, and the Washington birth-control conference has been convened at this particular time in order to mobilize public opinion in their favor. It is the Committee's belief that if federal restrictions are removed, states having similar laws will follow suit and physicians

generally will then feel free to learn the best birth-control methods and to instruct patients requiring such advice in their use. As a result, the Committee believes, the control of contraceptive methods and products would tend to revert from the commercial interests to those best qualified to possess it—the doctors of the country.

ELIZABETH H. GARRETT.

The Religion of Art

III: *The Death of a Religion*

WHAT WAS Dada anyway? . . . Not many people have seriously tried to answer this question, and the Dadaists themselves took pains to avoid it. So great was their disdain for the public, and for the idols of clarity and logic worshiped by the public in France, that they could scarcely bring themselves to offer explanations. "I am by principle against manifestoes," said Tristan Tzara, "as I am also against principles. . . . To explain is the amusement of redbellied numbskulls. DADA HAS NO MEANING." And yet this meaningless movement published its manifesto, offered its explanations, and propounded its philosophy in the same breath as its hatred of philosophers. It had reached a point beyond the bounds of logic, but had reached it by a perfectly logical process. In every direction it was a carrying to extreme of the tendencies inherent in what I have called the religion of art.

It was, for example, the extreme of obscurity. This was a tendency that had been growing for half a century, and lately James Joyce had carried it to a point at which the reader, in order to unravel his meaning, was expected to master several languages, the mythology of all races and the geography of Dublin. Gertrude Stein had carried it still farther. She seemed, indeed, to be writing pure nonsense, and yet it was not quite pure: one felt uneasily that much of it could be deciphered if only one had the key. But in reading a Dada poem it was often useless to search for clues: even the poet himself might not possess them. The door of meaning was closed and double-locked; the key was thrown away.

Dada was also the extreme point reached in the long search for "absolute art" and "pure poetry." In discussing this topic, the Dada Manifesto was serious and eloquent. "The new painter," it said, "creates a world. . . . The new artist protests: he no longer paints (*i. e.* reproduces symbolically and illusionistically), but creates directly, in stone, in wood, in iron and tin, rocks and locomotive organisms that can be turned in every direction by the limpid winds of his momentary sensation. Every pictorial or plastic work is useless. . . . Order = dis-

order; ego = non-ego; affirmation = negation: all are supreme radiations of an absolute art. Absolute in the purity of cosmic and ordered chaos, eternal in the globule-second without duration, without respiration, without light, without control. . . . Art is a private matter; the artist does it for himself; any work of art that can be understood is the product of a journalist."

Dada, in art and life, was the extreme of individualism. It denied that there was any psychic basis common to all humanity. There was no emotion shared by all men, no law to which all were subject; there was not even a sure means of communication between one man and another. Morality was a snare, "a plague produced by the intelligence."—"Thought is a fine thing for philosophy, but it is relative. There is no final Truth."—"Logic is a complication. Logic is always false."—"Everything one looks at is false." In a word, nothing is real or true except the individual pursuing his individual whims, the artist riding his hobbyhorse, his *dada*.

But the world could not be abolished merely by denying its reality. The world—and specifically the French public—remained as a hostile force to be fought, insulted or mystified. As for writers who tried to please the public, they were utterly beneath contempt: mere floor-walkers of the literary business, they did not realize that they were betraying an ideal. . . . This high disdain for the public and for popular writers had always been a tradition in the religion of art, but it had lately been emphasized by the revulsion that followed the War, and the Dadaists carried it forward to extremes of anti-human feeling. The world, they said, "left in the hands of bandits, is in a state of madness, aggressive and complete madness."—"Let each man cry: there is a great labor of destruction and negation to perform. We must sweep and clean."—"What there is within us of the divine is the awakening of anti-human action." So deep was their disgust that they no longer trusted in words to express it: manifestoes must give place to manifestations and poems to deeds, to "significant gestures." Thus, "I proclaim the opposition of all the cosmic faculties to

this gonorrhea of a putrid sun produced by the factories of philosophic thought; I proclaim a pitiless struggle with all the weapons of *Dadaist Disgust*. Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is *dada*; to protest with all the fists of one's being in destructive action: DADA."

In passages like this it is impossible not to recognize the presence of the crusading spirit. Dada, though it despised morality, was animated by moral fervor—and in this respect also it was the extreme of a long process. For nearly a century artists had been fighting against the necessity of making their works conform to the laws of the tribe. They had advanced the principle that esthetics was entirely separate from ethics—"Art," they said often, "has nothing to do with morality." As a result of famous trials involving the censorship of novels and pictures, they had succeeded in having this principle partly admitted by the courts and wholly accepted by a portion of the public. Then, having won this victory, they began to proclaim that the laws of esthetics were superior to the moral laws enforced by Church and State. But the Dadaists went farther: they went to the point of believing that public morality ought to be abolished. The only laws that the artist should be forced to observe were private ones, the law of art. These laws, however, applied not only to his books or paintings: they also should govern his career and his judgments of the world. *To be adventurous*—to explore and discover in life as in art—was the categorical imperative. Actions like pictures should be *dada*. "The good life" was like a good book: it should be surprising, novel, picturesque, purposeless, abstract, wholly incomprehensible to the public—and the Dadaists were ready to live according to these standards.

But there was one other tendency which helps to explain the incomprehensible works of art which the movement called forth. The Dadaists were not only guided by a rigorous code of morals or anti-morals: they were also buoyed up by a feeling of liberty, which again was carried to the extreme. They believed that the new artist had freed himself from the limitations of the old artistic mediums. He was no longer confined to paint or words or marble: he was at liberty to utilize any methods or materials that might strike his fancy. He might, for example, make an arrangement of watch springs, ball bearings and kitchen matches, and photograph it (like Man Ray); he might clip illustrations out of old mail-order catalogues, shuffle them into an ingenious design and exhibit them as a painting (like Max Ernst, who later sold such pictures at a stiff price); he might devote himself to sculptures modeled from sealing wax and pipe cleaners (like Hidalgo); he might have his poems printed in the typography of advertisements for nerve tonics and cancer cures (like Tristan Tzara), or invent a new system of punctuation (like E. E. Cummings)—he might even forsake all forms of plastic or verbal

art and apply the same principles of self-expression to business, politics or, if he chose, to practical joking. Nobody in any case had the right to criticize.

It veritably seemed that Dada was opening a whole new world to writers. Had they been discouraged?—had they felt that everything was said, everything written, that all the great subjects of poetry and fiction had been preëmpted by others? They could now take heart. Here were new subjects waiting to be described, machinery, massacre, skyscrapers, urinals, homosexuality, revolution—for Dada nothing could be too commonplace or novel, too cruel or shocking, to be celebrated by the writer in his own fashion. Or he might, if the notion struck him, desert the subject entirely—he might enter the stage of his drama and sweep all his puppets into the corner; or again he was privileged to disregard the limits of possibility—if he was writing a novel about modern Paris, he need not hesitate to introduce a tribe of Redskins, an octopus, a unicorn, Napoleon or the Virgin Mary. It suddenly seemed that all the writers of the past had been enslaved by reality: they had been limited to the task of copying the world, whereas the new writer could disregard it and create a world of his own. He was at last free! . . . He was at liberty to indulge his whims, to marshal his characters and lead them ahead, like an Alexander marching into unknown countries. But in practice his freedom proved illusive, his creations were inhuman, were monsters that never came to life. He could at best lead an army of ghosts into a kingdom of shadows.

Nobody can read about the Dada movement without being impressed by the absurd and half-tragic disproportion between its rich, complicated background and its poor achievements. Here was a group of young men probably the most talented in Europe: there was not one of them who lacked the ability to become a good writer or, if he so decided, a very popular writer. They had behind them the long traditions of French literature (and knew them perfectly); they had the examples of living masters (and had pondered them); they had a burning love of their art and a fury to excel. And what, after all, did they accomplish? . . . They wrote a few interesting books, launched a few artists, created scandals and gossip, had a good time. Is this to be the obituary of the movement, the brief synopsis of so much activity?

Always Dada was bustling into action. There were the early meetings described by Tristan Tzara, the chief purpose of which was to mystify and insult the public; there was the later demonstration in a churchyard against religion (it rained and nobody listened to the speakers); there was the Dada trial of Maurice Barrès, which called forth angry headlines in all the papers; there were theatrical performances with fights on the stage and the police called in; there was the famous incident of Louis Aragon and Les Nouvelles Littéraires—he promised that if his name was once more mentioned in

the paper, he would wreck the editorial offices; his name was mentioned; the offices were wrecked. After that, Aragon threatened to give a beating to any critic who reviewed his new book, and no critic dared to review it—and what then? The Dada manifestations were directed against no social class and supported by no social class: the significant gestures were gestures in the air.

There were Dadaists who spent weeks or months in repolishing and consciously perfecting a few lines of verse; these were the ones who most fervently praised the Subconscious. Others abused criticism and the critics in majestic essays that abounded in the keenest sort of critical observations. Still others devoted themselves to automatic writing and published the result of their experiments without, so they said, changing a word of it. There were many who deliberately cultivated the fine art of always being in bad taste. For a time it was also the fashion to be very busy *à l'américaine*: I remember the example of a Dadaist who simultaneously wrote novels, conducted four love affairs and a marriage, plunged into the wildest business ventures—he spent the next year recuperating in a sanitarium. I believe there was one who set sail for Tahiti, following in Gauguin's footsteps; another took ship for Rio de Janeiro. One very talented poet wrote nothing but postcards to his friends. There was a Dadaist who collected paper matches: he had the largest collection of them in the world. He was a very ingenious and elegant young man and determined to seek his fortune in America. Having borrowed his passage money, he landed in New York with a boiled shirt and two suitcases filled with letters of introduction. He presented some of the letters, tried bootlegging for a while, found the profession overcrowded, collected comic strips from the Hearst newspapers, married a rich wife, took drugs, committed suicide—after his death he became a sort of Dada saint. I am confusing my dates: in reality he lived long enough to become a Surrealist saint, but the two schools had so many doctrines and members in common that they are often hard to distinguish. Shortly before he died, a whole squad of former Dadaists announced that they were abandoning poetry for Communism, and were very serious about it, but not quite serious enough to be accepted by the Communist party, which suspected that they might soon veer off in a different direction. One or two of them, years later, became Communists in earnest; that is a different story. But mostly, while waiting for the revolution, for any revolution, it didn't matter, they spent their time in quarreling with one another. If you ask how Dada ended, the answer is easy: it died in quarrels.

But the interesting feature of these quarrels is precisely that they could not have been avoided: they were conflicts of principle inherent in the movement from the first. I have said that the Dadaists were animated by fierce moral convictions. They believed that life should be rash and adventurous,

that literature should be freed from all impure motives, and especially from the commercial motive—thus, writing an article for a commercial magazine was almost a sin against the Holy Ghost. But in practice they could not do what they preached. They did not live in a free society, nor did they belong among the rulers of the society that exists. For the most part they were poor young men of middle-class families with their way to make. They sooner or later had to betray their high principles; not many of them chose to starve. The uncompromising ones abused and excoriated the others—and then were forced to compromise in turn, and be excoriated. Dada began to split into smaller and smaller fractions. One of these, the largest that remained, issued the Surrealist Manifesto, became famous for a while, gained many adherents, but the process of fractioning continued—after a few years the only writers of talent left in the movement were Louis Aragon, who had been the most active and brilliant of the Dadaists, and André Breton, the most forceful in character. These two had been friends since childhood, but eventually they too quarreled, over another question of principle. One might say that Dada died by principle: it committed suicide.

But it did not perish alone. This fact is enough to explain its historical importance. In a sense, the whole religion of art died with it and was buried in the same grave.

In another sense, the religion lived on. For nearly a century it had played an important part in the history of literature, first in France, then in all the Western world. It had inspired men of talent wholly to consecrate themselves, to produce great works at a sacrifice and refine the methods of poetry and fiction—even to embark on a search for the absolute that threatened to carry them beyond the frontiers of art. The search had been continued by their successors; the diverging paths it suggested had been followed to the end, which was always the same—each path seemed to lead toward an infinitely bustling futility, a dance of fireflies in the twilight. And now all the paths had been explored. Historically the role of the movement was ended, but philosophies never die at the historical moment, they survive as ghosts—and often the ghost is more popular than was the living flesh of doctrine.

That is what happened with the religion of art. Edmund Wilson explains that the post-war reputation of writers in this tradition “was due largely to extra-literary accidents”:

When the prodigious concerted efforts of the War had ended only in impoverishment and exhaustion for all the European peoples concerned, and in a general feeling of hopelessness about politics, about all attempts to organize men into social units . . . in the service of some common ideal, for the accomplishment of some particular purpose, the Western mind became particularly hospitable to a literature indifferent to action and unconcerned with the group.

It might be added that the intellectual world of the 1920's was repeating an old pattern. The Symbolist or art-for-art's-sake tradition had first become popular in the middle of the nineteenth century, at a time when the intellectual atmosphere of France was not unlike that prevailing in post-war Europe. Many French writers had become emotionally or physically involved in the Revolution of 1848—Baudelaire, for example, fought on the barricades—and when the Revolution was defeated, some of them lost faith in social causes and began to seek in art the ideals they no longer hoped to see realized in life. Rimbaud and others had the same experience in 1871, during and after the Paris Commune; the great poet of individualism began by drawing up an ideal constitution for a communist state. After the Great War and the betrayal at Versailles, the same process was repeated on a vaster scale. And there was another reason, too, for the popularity at that time of a literature hostile to society. The religion of art is not at all a poor man's religion: a degree of economic freedom is essential to those embarking on a search for esthetic absolutes. In the decade before 1930, more writers than ever before, and especially more Americans, had leisure to meditate the problems of art and the self, to express themselves and be creative.

So the dance went on, it seemed more frantically,

but the dancers were moving to old measures. The search continued, but the paths had already been explored. The way of dream, the way of escape, the ways of adventure, contemplation and futility, all these were tried once more; and for a time it seemed that there was no island anywhere without its ivory tower. But slowly artists and poets discovered that these extreme courses were extreme only as ideals: in life there was always a sequel. The young man who tried to create a vacuum about himself would find in the end that he could not support it. He would find that the real extremes were not those of Axel, Gauguin or Rimbaud: they were inertia, demoralization, delusions of persecution and grandeur, alcohol, drugs or suicide. The real choice was between madness and a return to society.

Gradually, even before the depression, there developed a new attitude. Art was being given back to life and the artist was being reintegrated into the world; he was finding for himself new purposes that would replace the "urge toward self-expression" and the "will to create" for the bare sake of creation. And so the Dada movement was not entirely sterile: the religion of art had died in giving birth.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

This is the last of three articles on the religion of art.—THE EDITORS.

The Second Five Year Plan

ON DECEMBER 30, 1933, the Soviet government made known the essential figures of the second Five Year Plan. Moscow dispatches described these figures as "bewildering," "staggering," "prodigious," "astronomical," "fantastic." Yet it is noteworthy that despite these adjectives there has been no shaking of dubious heads or wagging of venomous tongues. People have learned that Soviet figures, however fantastic they may sound, are to be taken seriously. Indeed, a closer analysis of the main features and of the circumstances under which they have been worked out convinces the writer that the new plan is extraordinarily reasonable, well balanced and, barring war, certain of being realized.

It should be mentioned at the outset that the present plan has been formulated much more carefully than the preceding one. As far back as March 25, 1932, the Council of People's Commissars instructed the State Planning Commission to prepare the control figures for the second Five Year Plan. Immediately, a series of all-Union conferences of representatives of various commissariats, republican and regional-planning organizations, and scientific institutes took place. Specific problems relating to the plan were discussed. There was a conference dealing with the geographic distribution of produc-

tive forces; another, with electrification; still another with the lumber industry; a fourth with health. Among the various conferences to be called by the State Planning Commission were those dealing with fuel, chemistry and its application to the national economy, geological and geodetic work, mechanization of labor processes, waterworks and waterways, specialization of the machine-building industry, organization of repair work and of machine shops, and dozens of others. Everything was threshed out thoroughly, realistically, in full cognizance of past experience. The result of this painstaking work is shown in every figure, every detail, of the present program.

During the first Five Year Plan, the greatest emphasis was placed upon the development of heavy industry as the foundation for the entire economic structure. Light industry, though by no means neglected, was being developed at a relatively slower pace. Thus, while the output of producers' goods in 1931 was over three times the 1927 output, production of consumers' goods was only about double. Now, however, with the basic industries firmly established and in a position to supply the enterprises producing consumers' goods with more adequate supplies of machinery, equipment and raw materials, it is considered feasible to speed up light industry.

According to a news dispatch in The New York Times (December 31, 1933), "the prodigious program contemplates an increase in annual industrial production in the period from the end of 1932 to the end of 1937 of 2.4 times, or, in price terms, from 43,000 million rubles to 103,000 millions—*of this more than half, or 54,300 million rubles' worth, will be goods of popular consumption.*"

A similar increase is planned for agricultural production—from 13,000 million to 26,000 million rubles, in price terms of 1927. This applies not only to the grain crop, which is to be increased by 11 million metric tons, but to all other agricultural products. The increase is to be attained not so much through an extension of the sown area as through further mechanization of agriculture—a total tractor equipment of 8,250,000 horsepower, compared with 2,250,000 in 1932—through better supplies of artificial fertilizer and sorted seed and, generally, through improved methods of cultivation.

In spite, however, of the tremendous increase in the output of agricultural products and manufactured consumers' goods, the demand, Soviet authorities say, will still outstrip the supply even at the end of the period. Per-capita consumption, though it is expected to approximate that of France and Germany, will still be far behind that of the United States in days of prosperity. Even so, the task appears colossal when viewed in the light of the unspeakable poverty in which the Russian masses, and especially the minority peoples, lived before the Revolution.

Another significant feature of the new plan is the great emphasis on creating new industrial centers, especially in the East, in Siberia and Central Asia. Take, for instance, the cotton-textile and knit-goods industries. At present, these mills are concentrated in the European part of the Soviet Union, far from the sources of raw material. The Moscow region alone now accounts for 37 percent of the total output of light industry. This massing of production in the center, an inheritance from the old regime, is extremely uneconomical, since it necessitates overburdening the railways with long hauls of raw materials to the mills and of finished goods to the outlying regions, and results in highly overpopulated cities on the one hand, and a backward hinterland on the other. The Soviet government, reorganizing its industry according to plan, is interested in changing this situation. Hence the policy of placing the new plants to be constructed during the second five-year period in regions supplying the basic raw material or in other outlying regions, thereby lessening railway congestion and raising the level of the backward nationalities. This policy had been started in the period of the first Five Year Plan. In 1932, for instance, two large cotton-textile mills, 200,000 spindles each, were under construction in Tashkent and West Siberia. Another huge cotton mill was built in 1930-31 in Khodjent, Tadzhikistan. And out of the fifteen great new textile plants to be constructed by 1937, ten will be

located in Central Asia, near the source of cotton supply. This means the complete breakdown of the feudal tradition and the emancipation of the enslaved women in the East. It means the development of a progressive industrial proletariat that will serve as the backbone of Bolshevik strength in the Orient, adjacent to Afghanistan, India and China.

Among the other reasons for developing the sections east of the Urals is, of course, their natural and heretofore unexploited wealth, as well as their inaccessibility to an enemy force in case of war.

Soviet development of the East is quite parallel to the history of the development of the West in this country. There, too, the railroads and other forms of transport have a decisive role. Hence the special attention in the plan to the eastern railroads. In the period of the first Five Year Plan, the total amount spent on transportation was 8,900 million rubles. The total designated in the present plan is 26,300 million rubles; out of this about 14,000 millions will be spent on railroads. It is planned to double-track 5,900 miles of road, mostly east of the Urals. The importance of the Great North Siberian railroad, which is to cross the continent from Archangel to Okhotsk, can scarcely be overestimated, both as a means of opening the Northeast and as a factor in military strategy. Among the other new lines projected in the East are three important routes in Kazakstan, where only recently fabulously rich mineral deposits have been discovered. The repercussion in China, India, Persia, Afghanistan, Mongolia and Japan of all this Soviet activity in the East will, no doubt, be portentous. It is there that the next significant pages of human history will be written.

The first Five Year Plan was a leap in the dark. The entire conception of a planned economy was new; no country in the world had ever tried it. There was no basis of experience and no adequate appreciation of unforeseen and unknown factors. The very newness of the concept was bound to generate disagreements, conflicts and some confusion within and without the Bolshevik ranks. A great deal of energy—energy that should have gone into carrying out the plan—was consumed in bitter, even if inevitable, party strife, in reconciling conflicting views and in crushing tenacious opposition in order to maintain party unity and effective party leadership. This handicap has been removed.

The first Five Year Plan was launched when Soviet society was still divided into classes. There were Nepmen, speculators, private traders and, above all, scores of millions of small peasant proprietors. The launching of the Five Year Plan intensified the class struggle, and caused no end of passive and active sabotage, wrecking, plotting and counter-revolutionary agitation. In the village, the class war was particularly savage. Millions of domestic animals were wantonly slaughtered by the kulaks. Agricultural productivity declined at the very time when cities and industries were rapidly

growing. This, and the lack of technical knowledge in the village, resulted in a universal shortage of food. Last summer's giant crop of 90 million metric tons—an all-time Russian record—is evidence that this problem has been solved and that Soviet agriculture is again on the upgrade. In a little over four years the Soviet Union has laid a solid foundation for a classless society. There are practically no Nepmen, no private traders, and there are very few small peasant proprietors. Handicraftsmen are joined in coöperatives. From 65 to 70 percent of the peasantry are joined in collective farms. The professional and intellectual classes have been won over to enthusiastic support of the plan and comradely coöperation with the working class. With the exception of a relatively few kulaks and anti-Bolshevik die-hards, the Soviet population stands solidly behind the government. There is scarcely a Communist, scarcely a person in the Soviet Union today, who would seriously doubt the desirability of a planned economy or question the wisdom of the Five Year Plan.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

Lo, the Poor Student

THE LAST week of 1933 saw Washington deluged with students from all parts of the country. Four conferences were held. The Communist-minded National Student League formulated demands and protests. The Socialist-controlled League for Industrial Democracy formulated demands and protests and picketed a merchant who did not give jobs to Negroes. The National Student League offered to merge into one student organization with the League for Industrial Democracy. The latter demurred, but suggested that they coöperate. So they coöperated and marched to the White House to protest against compulsory military training, just as a third conferring body, the National Student Federation of America, composed of campus Bourbons, was arriving with a bunch of flowers for Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt addressed the Federation, urging peace.

The National Student Federation of America went back to the Mayflower Hotel and decided to encourage N.R.A. clubs in the colleges and to send a group of students to Washington to study the workings of the N.R.A. They were a group of student-government leaders, campus politicians, the big fish of small ponds, used to wielding power. They were beginning to realize that the little campus problems regarding football and fraternities which they usually discussed in their conventions were not worth the talk. So they more or less turned themselves over to the administration for instruction in national issues. The only issue that caused really heated dissension, however, was whether to let their three Negro members go to the conference dance. The League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League cour-

ageously picketed the Federation conference when the proposal was made to exclude the Negroes. The liberal elements foresaw that it would ruin the Federation if it officially discriminated against its own members. Liberalism triumphed, the Negro students went to the party, and the Federation resolved not to hold its next convention in a city or hotel that would Jim-Crow them.

The fourth national meeting was that of the National Conference on Students in Politics, in which eleven liberal, radical, pacifist and religious organizations were involved, including the League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League. The members of this conference were at least severely aware of the larger issues. In their first session, William E. Sweet, ex-Governor of Colorado, spoke for the administration, urging all students to put their shoulders to the wheel and effect the changes demanded by modern society. Norman Thomas urged unity among the different factional groups. Robert Minor opposed the "malodorous" capitalist system and the savagery of fascism. Thomas R. Amlie, speaking for New America, introduced the idea that a functional, working organization of young people was necessary to train leaders for the management of a co-operative state.

All the next day speeches and round tables went on, nationalism versus internationalism, pacifism versus revolution, trade unions, tariffs, fascism, armaments, minorities, housing. One fiery session was given over to a fight between the "program-ists" and the "resolutionists." The program school of thought wished the entire conference to commit itself to a social program; the others (including most of the National Student League) wished to keep the less radical organizations in the conference by passing only a series of minimum resolutions on which all could agree.

Observers and reporters who had come to Washington to see what the young folks were thinking felt considerably refreshed by the fact that at this conference people were at least talking about something. But what did the admirable talking come to, what could it come to within the framework of the eleven dissenting student organizations?—One of the more saccharine speakers referred blithely to the youth movement. What youth movement?

At the Politics conference there was an immediate alignment of forces, some virtually behind the Third International, some behind the Second International, some behind world-peace movements. Among these articulated blocs sat a mass of young people, vaguely interested, wanting to be convinced. The economic paradox had begun to sink in, and they wanted to know what next. They found canned dogmas to the right of them, canned dogmas to the left of them, and rarely a dogma that exactly fitted the complex American problem as they experienced it.

The outcome of the conference was a few protesting resolutions against the R.O.T.C., against

racial discrimination, against retrenchment in education; provisions were made for another similar conference in a year. But it does not seem to this observer that the eternal protests of the Socialist and Communist students get anywhere. They certainly do not constitute a youth movement, any more than the gentle urge for disarmament among many student groups, or the National Student Federation's decision to support the N.R.A. and be nice to its Negro members, constitutes a youth movement.

What student organization is actually preparing for definite change or making positive inroads on the minds of young Americans? The group that declares itself most militantly dedicated to change, the National Student League, directs its anger against Hitler and the R.O.T.C. and then behaves so badly that all the eager young people immediately decide there must be something pretty fine about Hitler and the R.O.T.C. They mean well; they honestly wanted a united front to come out of the Washington conference, and their coöperation with the L.I.D. was a step in that direction. But by the end of the conference they were accusing the L.I.D. of treachery and had made themselves thoroughly unpopular with the non-partisan delegates because of an annoying habit of jumping up on the floor when someone was making a speech and insisting that the conference support the American League against War and Fascism.

This sort of paradox is repeated in most of the radical groups from which a valid youth movement might conceivably be expected to spring. Their wordy protesting is directed more against the effects of our economic system, war, race discrimination, retrenchment in education, than against the central cancer. The positive appeal to create a good society is less emphasized than the appeal to knock down, a mistake that is particularly damaging to the prospects of enrolling young people. Also, instead of training brain and muscle for the change that will come inevitably and in a fashion not presaged by European experience, they tumble into little cliques of international theorists and, in spite of their sincere efforts to pass minimum resolutions and form a united front, they end by sticking out their tongues at each other more viciously than at their mutual enemy, capitalism.

The most tragic aspect of the whole business is that, unless something happens quickly to the enlightened students, they will, by their irrationalism, turn their classmates into Storm Troopers. And if Fascism comes, the university radicals are always the first to get the castor oil. Likely enough, it will be the campus politicians, the National Student Federation type, who now love the N.R.A. and consider themselves so superior to the other agitated conferences, who will go marching through Georgia in their shiny uniforms, putting the fear of God and some Huey Long into the young pacifists, socialists, *et al.*

EUNICE CLARK.

Washington Notes

*The "Staggering" Budget Fails to Stagger—
Roots of Presidential Power—
The Liberals' Position*

THE REACTIONS of both the Congress and the people to the President's budgetary revelations are perhaps the most convincing demonstration of the hold that he has on the imagination of the country. The deficit and debt figures Mr. Roosevelt revealed with what he himself termed "brutal frankness." There is no denying that they came as a shock. For weeks, the "corps of correspondents" had been speculating upon how deep the Treasury was in the red. The highest journalistic estimate was of a deficit at the close of the present fiscal year of \$3,000 million. Taking this as the outside figure, it required only arithmetic to show that in another year the national debt would reach the wartime peak of \$26,500 million. These speculations filled the conservative elements with apprehension and there was widespread intimation that the credit of the nation could never stand so great a financial burden. At this point comes Mr. Roosevelt in his budget message blithely stating that the deficit, instead of a mere \$3,000 million, is going to be \$7,000 million, that the debt next year is going to reach a total of nearly \$30,000 million and that in 1936 he expects it to be close to \$31,800 million.

Now, in view of Mr. Roosevelt's earlier denunciation of the extravagance of the Republican administration in creating a deficit which, so he said, menaced the credit of the United States and must be wiped out to avoid collapse—in view of this and of his own pledges and promises of economy and of a balanced budget, his new figures were little short of staggering. Yet, as a matter of fact, no one staggered. The people, the press and the Congress, almost unanimously, accepted his word that the expenditures had been justified, that it was necessary to continue them for another two years, that 1936 will be soon enough to balance the budget and resume debt reduction. Moreover, the President carried himself with an air of such confidence, optimism and cheer that everybody's teeth stopped chattering and the enormous figures seemed to lose most of their ominous significance. Far from being terrified at this revelation of the terrific cost of the New Deal, the general popular feeling after Mr. Roosevelt's message was remarkably calm and sensible.

In such a war as Mr. Roosevelt is fighting against the depression, in such an experiment in the rebuilding of our system along lines which, if successful, will lift the whole of the population to a higher economic level and make this a far better country in which to work and live—in such an effort it is silly to count the cost or to be afraid of it. A year ago such figures as the President announced would have been tremendously exciting. A cry of horror would have come from politicians, press and people. The banks would have shivered and the stock market dived for the bottom. None of these things happened. Even in the most conservative journals, which pointed out the danger of such terrific expenditures, Mr. Roosevelt was commended for his realistic candor in presenting these unvarnished facts, and a favorable contrast was drawn between his frankness and the consistent underestimates of former administrations.

On the banking side, instead of being appalled at the President's declaration that the government must borrow, in the present year, \$10,000 million—\$6,000 million for new spending and \$4,000 million for maturities—there came from more than one New York financier the assurance that the usual investment sources would be easily able to absorb this huge amount. In the stock market there was, for a while, a flurry, but nothing remotely suggestive of a panic. Finally, the politicians, in and out of Congress, instead of shouting themselves hoarse about the poor taxpayer, were astonishingly meek and unemotional. Of course, the Democratic leaders in both House and Senate had had the news broken to them by the President two days before when they were summoned to the White House, but even the Republicans were relatively unexcited. They did, to be sure, make the obvious points, issue words of warning and indulge in a few deep-voiced predictions of disaster. But they would have done that anyway. All in all it was a masterly performance by the President.

Not only did Mr. Roosevelt tell the full story without camouflage or concealment, but in the presentation he incorporated the answer to every attack, leaving his opponents nothing to do save to roar that it can't work out. Perhaps it won't. Who can tell? It is all a gigantic experiment which for success depends upon a real recovery, such as seems to be under way. If it develops fully Mr. Roosevelt will be amply justified, everybody will be happy, and the critics confounded. If, despite the signs, prosperity does not return, why then, of course, the whole scheme fails and we shall be in worse shape than before. Mr. Roosevelt has complete faith in the ultimate outcome, and he has the people with him to an extraordinary extent. They recognize the risks, but are for taking them and are going to count the fight worth making even if it is lost.

That, I think, is the situation, and it explains the fact that when the President calmly lays before Congress figures almost too big to be grasped, instead of howling that he has ruined the country, they take the whole thing in their stride and cheer him on his way. It is an amazing exhibition of his personal power. Under ordinary circumstances it would be a dangerous thing to have a President enjoying such blind and complete popular confidence. Under ordinary circumstances a militant and effective opposition is valuable and, indeed, almost indispensable under our system. But in these circumstances, it seems to me that any opposition sufficiently strong to try to halt or handicap the present program would be disastrous.

For one thing, it can't be done. There is too great an impetus behind the program. I don't mean that everybody in the country, or even everybody in Congress, has accepted the President's disclosures with equanimity. There are many, even among his own supporters, who feel that he is over his head and doesn't know it, that back of his courage and confidence there isn't sufficient capacity, either in him or in those who surround him; that the things he is doing retard rather than promote the recovery that is so vital. There are plenty who take that view, but publicly they are inarticulate. There is no political nourishment in the exposition of such views at this time. On the contrary, such is the state of popular feeling that it would be a real political risk for men who have to be renominated and

reelected this year. Shrewdly aware of this extremely pregnant fact, the congressional critics of the President either confine themselves to perfunctory opposition or are silent. There are, within the administration itself, certain gentlemen who share these feelings, privately talk on the "unmanageable nature" of the fiscal situation and on the impossibility of avoiding printing-press inflation. Republican leaders express these views publicly but perfunctorily. They say they are "waiting for the breaks," which is equivalent to admission that there is nothing to be gained by making a back-to-the-wall fight against either President or program until, and unless, some untoward event lessens public confidence in the man and renders him vulnerable.

On the other hand the Liberals close to Mr. Roosevelt, both among his advisers and in the Senate, object to his budget message solely on the ground that it is *too* conservative. They think he has fixed the debt limit too low, and has not asked of Congress nearly enough for public works. So far as the debt is concerned, they consider a large debt essential to prosperous banking and point out that even at \$32,000 million, our debt would be below that of France and far below that of Britain. As to the future, even taking into account the private dissenters, it is fair to say that here in the Capital, the believers greatly outnumber the others. They cite the excess of receipts over expenditures in the normal budget. Further, they are as confident as the President himself that the "planned America" of 1936 will be better able to deal with a debt of \$32,000 million than the America of 1919 was able to deal with one of \$26,000 million. There seems logic in this opinion—granting that prosperity once more flows.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Homestead in Alberta

Not far from Calgary I have known the Stetson hats
In the handsome breath of Canadian winds, an Indian
girl

Married to the Blackfoot winner of the buckaroo
Contest in Alberta, and homesteaders of the northern
Mountains (the Jasper Valleys precious with loam),
And the free miners forever prospecting peace
Of the gold hidden in caches of the soul.
Just so would I possess a clean and careful heart
In the clear mountains: the bitter blast
Of the weather to slake the thirst of my throat.
Dew on my body, taste of smoke: birchwood of fire
And cedar of the sense in the altitude
Of summer (wide-eyed, awake). A cabin
In the cottonwoods and fresh fish fried
In the hearth bent over the grate of iron,
Stones warm in the dying glow of the night—
Cougar call and coyote, the sweet brilliance
Of pine on the evening air. There together,
With children growing, splitting the tamarack
And treasuring bacon: the fir cone flavoring
The yoke of food. Whiskey, cow and deer,
Hedgehogs: the sunshine and radiance of snow!
The soil beneath us and the sodded roof above.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Other People's Money

*Non-regulating Regulation—Dummies without Liability—Old Friends Reappear—
“Dollar-a-Year Suggestions”*

FOR THE first time in our financial history the New York Stock Exchange is really at bay. It is actually facing regulation and knows it. But if anyone supposes that the Exchange is idle during these perilous times he will be greatly mistaken. The first line of the defense is always that the Exchange should be permitted to regulate itself. This is the line it has taken in this emergency. I have no means of knowing what progress the Exchange has made in this drive. There is good reason to suppose that, whatever comfort it has got in Washington in those executive quarters which have assumed the function of dealing with the Exchange, there still looms the danger of Congress. It is not conceivable that Congress will permit this institution to escape now that events have brought it into the toils. The latest advices from Washington are that the Exchange will seek to transfer the business of regulation from Congress or a federal commission to the N.R.A. This stratagem will create the appearance of government regulation and at the same time preserve the Exchange's tradition of “self-rule.” Of course, if this move succeeds it will mean the effective end of any real regulation of the exchange in the interest of the public. What the public interest has to fear most of all now is the industry of those persons who may thrust themselves into this battle ostensibly on the side of the public but actually on the side of the Exchange; who hope by lighting a little fire under the Exchange to extinguish a big fire. The President of the United States in his inaugural address, at a moment when the country was blazing with indignation against those who had betrayed its interests, delivered a ringing denunciation of the “money changers.” Liberals, surely, will hold him to a religious compliance with the promise implied in that speech. An attempt to deliver the interests of the great investing public, the men and women who own the shares and bonds of all the great producing corporations of the country, into the hands of the representatives of the Exchange, which is made up of the brokers who officiated in the looting of these people, will be looked upon as a deliberate and cold-blooded betrayal.

I saw recently a letter written by a member of a great Wall Street law firm vitally interested in the emasculation of the Securities Act. The writer averred that he felt he was divulging no secret in saying that the authorities in Washington themselves recognize many defects in the law. One wonders how this law firm comes to be in a position to be receiving these supposedly confidential communications from Washington. One wonders also who these “authorities” are who have this view of the Act. Mr. Bernard Flexner, an able and astute lawyer, has written for *The Atlantic Monthly* a study of this Act. The article has not yet appeared, but I am permitted to refer in advance to some of its views, which I think to be of great importance. Mr. Flexner very wisely observes:

In a statute which has to be so carefully articulated because it is so certain to become the target of legal sharpshooting, the subtle, casual change of a significant word, phrase or a single short section may open up infinite possibilities of trouble.

Mr. Flexner then points to what he sagely calls a “dollar-a-year suggestion” embodying just such a change. It is to eliminate Section 15 of the Act. This section proposes to hold liable any person who controls any other person who is held liable under the Act. To strike out that simple provision is to repeal the Act. After all, we do not have to be reminded that we have such an instrument as our corporation law still left unimpaired in all its evil susceptibility to abuse. As the Act stands, if B can be held liable under it and A controls B, A also can be held liable. Strike it out. Then how simple it will be to incorporate A as a subsidiary of B—a subsidiary without assets—which can incur all sorts of liability under the Act, but, alas! a liability which will mean nothing, since A, who controls B, cannot be held.

I have seen no simple phrase so eloquent of the dangers which beset all reformatory measures in Washington as Mr. Flexner's term “dollar-a-year suggestions.” Washington swarms with “friends” of the administration, volunteers, gentlemen who chisel their way into committees and conferences, old school friends of the President or perhaps of Mr. Secretary This or Mr. Secretary That, who are in a position to proffer these “dollar-a-year suggestions” to the infinite hurt of everything worth a hoot in the New Deal program. Whenever I get to Washington and see these men everywhere I wonder if the President can really be informed of the peril that besets his administration. They will destroy him as surely as similar men destroyed some of his predecessors.

Mr. Flexner discusses convincingly the one big argument by bankers and their Washington allies against the Act. If there is a misstatement of a material fact or the omission of a material fact in the registration statement filed by a corporation issuing new securities, the bankers, directors, officers and accountants employed in the work can be held liable to a purchaser if the security drops below the offering price. This is an outrageous liability, say the Wall Street bankers and promoters. And yet is this really such a serious requirement? “No one,” as Mr. Flexner states it, “can incur any civil liability until he has participated in, or can fairly be considered *prima facie* responsible for, a really serious omission or false statement concerning the security in the formal registration statement filed with the Federal Trade Commission at Washington.”

Directors who have not the time to acquaint themselves with the material facts about the securities their companies offer have no right to be directors and to permit the use of their well known names as a screen for shielding the bad practices of others. Men will not sign registration statements without knowing what they are signing, and if they cannot know they will cease to be directors—and that will be a tremendous gain for American business and investors.

Above all things, let me repeat Mr. Flexner's warning, not only in the case of the Securities Act but in the pro-

posed stock-exchange regulation, the N.R.A., the A.A.A., the R.F.C. and the other recovery measures—"Look out for the dollar-a-year suggestions."

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Miss Katharine Hepburn

The Lake, by Dorothy Massingham and Murray MacDonald. Martin Beck Theatre, December 26, 1933.

THE LAKE" is one of those limpish plays of the novelistic order. This means that many of the scenes are only indirectly necessary to the play's sum. It often means, also, that subtleties in sentiment arise, none too intelligent but subtle for all that; and that there is a considerable show of psychology, what-would-you-do-about-it? and final transmutations of character and salvation. There is a certain matinee spirituality about such plays as "The Lake," and a degree of solution that can be taken home for reference and discussion. Their general formula is tosh leading toward elevated dénouement. They beat us down like a mother's plea to a boy of thirteen: he is not certain that it makes sense, but through the very fact of his own masculinity he is entangled and persuaded.

The story that the dramatists in this case tell is of a young girl with a managing mother, a father long since henpecked into gardening, and Lena, his sister, full of drought, courage and comprehension. The young girl has been spending much time with a man married to a rich woman, and has suddenly engaged herself to John Clayne in order to escape and give her life a center. By the time the marriage comes off she finds she loves her husband. They fly from her mother's guests; but the car skids and plunges into the lake which the mother has constructed at the expense of the ancient copse. The bridegroom is killed, the young girl lives on, and with the help of Lena's advice will arrive at a certain mastery of self. Et cetera, et cetera; about as good a place to stop as any other. As a novel it would be interesting to such as found it so. As a play, without Miss Hepburn, it would all be sorry, sauntering, complex rubbish.

I did not see the "The Lake" as it was produced in London, so that I am not able to tell to what extent Mr. Harris has affected its mood and process. As we see it at the Martin Beck, there appears to be from time to time (in the marquee scenes after the wedding, for one example, where one personage after another enters, and the moment turns on character and type) an intention toward Chekhov. It is, however, completely misguided. Chekhov, when he is truly himself, makes every detail bear on the central atmosphere or mood. In "The Lake," if Chekhov had done it, all this flurry and these vagaries of character of the post-wedding scene would have created more toward a central theme and more directly have established the inner life of this young girl's drama. But in this English version, and under Mr. Jed Harris' directing, we had nothing but eccentrics and persons, ultimately sketchy and trivial. The close of the act, where diverse guests assemble to confirm the shock and tragedy, is very badly directed, or shall we say desperately abandoned in a sort of banal registration?

Mr. Lionel Pape, as the father, gave an excellent performance. Miss Frances Starr was good in the rather ob-

vious role of the mother, to whom were assigned many speeches tediously unnecessary to the point of the role. Miss Blanche Bates as Lena, the spinster aunt so helpful to troubled youth, undoubtedly gave one of those performances that are permanently recognized in the theatre as solid; which is to say that once the player gets a tooth in a thought he never lets go till its last drop of juice and mediocrity is extracted. Such playing in all its punch and adequacy is soundly professional, but not really interesting at all: it is too thoroughly planted to suggest the flower, and too self-confident for any music of spontaneity or fineness. And by such playing, ironically enough, there appeared a curious enhancement of Miss Hepburn's youthful essence and story. By the side of such certainty she seemed the more youthful and fragile and tragic. A sort of lyric botheration in Mr. Colin Clive as the lover and bridegroom contributed somewhat to this same effect of poignancy.

As to Miss Katharine Hepburn—without whom, certainly, this occasion would not have been worth writing about—three minutes of her presence on the stage was enough to confirm the common rumor about her, which is that her performances vary from day to day, now better, now worse. And yet what I saw, though I should think of it as rather not so much a performance on an actor's part as an exquisite experience on the part of the audience, was a beautiful and moving thing. What has carried Miss Hepburn so rapidly forward in the few moving pictures that she has made was present on the stage there also for us, or at least it was so at this particular session I saw of the play. As she works now, Miss Hepburn takes it out of herself. We saw in "The Lake" a tortured girl, lovely, fresh, and half-destroyed by life; and before the play was over, the theatre sniffled and sobbed. It could be said of Miss Hepburn that she imagined in herself the realities of the character and situation; that her conceptions are fine and delicate; and that all that she put into the part was in accord with the distinct and unique quality of her beauty.

In such a remarkable case it is worthwhile taking some note of the player as an instrument. In figure Miss Hepburn is slender and boyish, and in movement without shading, style or variety. Her voice is slightly raucous, limited in range, inflexible and tending to a monotony in values; though it has a certain dramatic cast to it, and if we have in mind no other beyond this single role, will almost serve the purpose. Certainly it is more effective and more convincing than the average voice. At present Miss Hepburn's projection of her effects is largely by force of her personal quality rather than any technical skill or sense of the audience.

It must be said, also, that in Miss Hepburn's playing we get very little of that mature pleasure that the sense of a performance seen affords us. From this fact derives the impression of tearing, pain and personal stages of emotion, without any final pattern. The whole of it lingers in the mind with some sort of tender defense and loyalty, but does not leave the secure stamp of design.

One of the things to say in Miss Hepburn's case is that we have here an instance of what has often happened in our theatre and opera: an inexperienced person of talent or quality is put forward in a position which technically she cannot sustain, or better, shall we say, control. Or we may say that Miss Hepburn lacks a teacher. Among direc-

tors the last who could impart to actors any immediate technical teaching was Belasco. Various directors at present can perform something of the office of *régisseur* or some orchestral leadership as it were; but the technique proper of acting is not in their equipment. If it were, the short time allotted for rehearsals would allow very little use of it. The third thing to say of Miss Hepburn is that, of course, she lacks method.

Method does not imply that you discover or decide on a way of doing any scene or dramatic moment and from then on cannot change it. To have a method means that whatever you have thought, achieved or chosen in the course of your study off the stage or in rehearsal or in some moment of inspiration, you can reproduce at will in your playing. This is not to say that the playing will not gain through the presence of the right feeling and mood, but only that it will be more constant and certain and less dependent on nervous reactions and states of mind. Another way of putting this point is, perhaps, to say that experience will do much for Miss Hepburn, and to add that study with Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, once of the Moscow Art Theatre and now teaching in New York, ought to be of great benefit. Miss Hepburn is one of those people on the stage who are born ready to give it life, just as some actors are trained ready to kill it.

STARK YOUNG.

Labor and the N. R. A.

LAST WEEK the United Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania—representing some 50,000 miners in the Wilkes-Barre-Scranton district—served notice on the National Labor Board that it will call a new strike for January 15 unless the Board intervenes immediately to end the abuses by operators. This ultimatum directs attention to another of the labor disputes which the N.R.A. has failed to solve, and perhaps the most unusual. The U.A.M.P. is a new, independent union, composed of men who have broken away from the United Mine Workers of America (the A.F. of L. union). Its chief grievance is that the mine owners, under pressure from the U.M.W., have refused to recognize its duly elected pit committees. Instead, they have discharged about 1,000 miners active in organizing the U.A.M.P., and filled their places with members of the U.M.W.

It was this policy of the operators that caused the bitter strike of last November with its widespread disorders, including many dynamitings and shootings. And it was the specific assurance of Senator Wagner, chairman of the National Labor Board, that these men would be reemployed which ended the strike. "All striking mine workers," his telegram to the officials of the U.A.M.P. read, "regardless of union affiliation are to be permitted to return to their former positions." But like other promises of the Board, this one has not been fulfilled. The United Anthracite members did not get their jobs back. Accordingly, the rank and file of the new union maintain that the Board merely broke the strike and then betrayed them. Whether the Board can now act effectively to prevent another strike is questionable, since John L. Lewis, president of the U.M.W., is a member of the Board. Any satisfactory settlement of the new union's grievances would

involve repudiation of Mr. Lewis's policies in this dispute.

There is little doubt, however, that the United Anthracite members can force another shutdown in the anthracite fields. For the union, though organized only last July, has grown rapidly in power. Moreover, it has the ardent support of the unemployed miners, who number somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000. In the event of another strike, these idle workers, rather than serve as strike-breakers, will probably picket and prevent operations. A fact-finding committee of the Labor Board has reported that this is exactly what happened in the strike last November. Around each colliery there were between one and two thousand pickets determined to prevent any man from entering to work. Speaking of this mass picketing, the committee's report declares:

It is probable that the overwhelming majority in these crowds were not employees of the collieries at all, but were from the ranks of the unemployed mine workers. It is the belief of the operators and of representative citizens of both Scranton and Wilkes-Barre that if another strike call should be issued the same thing would happen and that thousands of the unemployed would force the shutting down of the mines and precipitate the same conditions of riot, turbulence and bloodshed that marked previous strikes.

This participation of the unemployed in a strike—as pickets rather than as scabs—is, so far as we are aware, unique. It suggests the deep discontent in the Wilkes-Barre-Scranton region.

Among the abuses of which the U.A.M.P. complains, according to the committee's report, are "wholesale reductions in wages, wholesale discriminations and intimidations of mine workers by employing officials, and the failure on the part of the officials of the United Mine Workers to make the operators comply with their agreements or to protect the men in their right to bring grievances before the Conciliation Board." There was also evidence that jobs were being sold. If the U.M.W. officials were not involved in this practice, they at least did nothing about it.

The report of these conditions was handed in more than a month ago, but the National Labor Board has taken no action as yet. The committee itself suggested that it would probably take "many months" to make an adequate investigation. The United Anthracite Miners are, apparently, not inclined to wait many months to have their grievances settled.

The Pullman porters have been trying for many years to obtain better working conditions. Even before the depression they were forced to work long hours at extremely low pay. At present they are working from eighteen to twenty hours a day and are paid at the rate of \$72.50 for 11,000 miles of road service a month. It now appears that their union—the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters—is powerless to bargain for better conditions under either the N.R.A. or the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act. By some oversight in the writing of the latter, jurisdiction over the Pullman Company was not included. Hence its provisions, which guarantee the right of collective bargaining, are not applicable to the porters. The Pullman Company, by means of a spy system and a subsidized company

union (which the Act specifically prohibits), is thus able to prevent the porters from expressing their demands. Meanwhile, the company equally claims exemption from the N.R.A. because the Recovery Act does not regulate "carriers." Unless Congress amends the Transportation Act to include sleeping-car companies, the porters will remain as far from the New Deal as ever.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Tennessee Valley Plan

SIR: I have long pondered the tipping vagaries of Mr. Jonathan Mitchell in regard to the Tennessee Valley Authority [The New Republic, October 18, 1933], inadequately dispelled by the letter of Rufus Miles, Jr. [November 15, 1933].

My impression was, and is, that the agency set up by the Tennessee Valley Authority Act is a straight business corporation, with limited corporate powers, charged, among other things, with the duty of accounting on a business basis for its expenditures and receipts and of economically operating the government properties at Muscle Shoals. Superficially at least, it does not appear, as Mr. Mitchell recites, that the Authority has unlimited powers to condemn and purchase land, but that it is limited to the purchase of lands necessary to carry out its corporate purposes. Nor does it appear that the Authority can "own and operate any sort of a commercial enterprise," but rather that its large-scale commercial operations are limited to the power and fertilizer business.

However, Mr. Mitchell's one concrete suggestion, that the Authority buy "all the possible industrial sites," would be incomprehensible to me, even if the Authority's powers and resources were limitless—even more incomprehensible than Mr. Mitchell's conception of how much can be done with \$50 million, of which approximately \$34 million and \$16 million have already been allocated to the building of the Norris and Joe Wheeler Dams, respectively.

Aside from powers and resources, it seems to me that Mr. Mitchell is confusing two ideas: to wit, the idea of planning, and the idea of actively carrying out the economic reconstruction of the Valley. It is my impression that the Authority is engaged in making surveys of various types to work out a zoning plan purposed both to prevent further development in uneconomic areas and along prospectively unproductive lines, and to demonstrate where and along what lines the most economically sound development should first take place. As to active participation in the economic reconstruction, the Authority has, consonant with the theory behind most of the other recent emergency measures of the government, confined itself to undertaking, in connection with its business, small-scale social experiments and demonstrations along previously untried lines, premised not so much on the conviction that such demonstrations are sound as on the desire to get information. . . .

His perspective and vision are vast, but it would probably be even more helpful to the Tennessee Valley Authority if Mr. Mitchell would bring his stimulating mind to bear on the more immediate problems and, like David Crockett, have some regard to the ground underfoot.

New Orleans, La.

RABURN MONROE.

Who's Toploftical?

SIR: Mr. William McFee complains in The New Republic of December 20 that your reviewers are "top-lofty." Perhaps. But they seldom fall into such an anachronism as Mr. McFee is guilty of in faulting Miss West's "supposed" life of Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, 396-430, because "she omits any mention of his visits to Britain, so occupied was the author with the mother-complex stuff and nonsense she has seen fit to incorporate in that book." May I suggest that Miss West doubtless omitted any mention of the alleged visits for the very good reason that they were never made? Mr. McFee has evidently had in mind the

visits of the monk Augustine who was sent to Britain by Gregory I in 596 and 597, nearly two hundred years after Augustine of Hippo had died. During all of the latter's life Britain offered no attraction to visitors, for the Roman troops withdrew in 410, in the face of onslaughts by the savage Picts, and conditions before and after were exceedingly turbulent. Is not Mr. McFee a trifle top-lofty in his attitude toward Miss West?

F. C. HARTSHORNE.

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

[Mrs. Alice Thacher Post also calls attention to Mr. McFee's mistake in confusing the great Bishop of Hippo with the first Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. E. R. B. Willis, of the Cornell University Library, adds, "If Mr. McFee objects to Miss West's psychoanalysis as journalistic hash, what epithet is to be applied to his own hagiology?" And here is a letter that attacks him from still another point of view:]

SIR: It isn't often that one opens your paper to see anything as unpardonable as the half-column of abuse you devoted to Miss Rebecca West on December 20. I had always imagined that literacy was one of the things needed as a passport to what Mr. McFee calls "your columns," but I am compelled to revise my opinions after reading his letter. How on earth did that cheap sneer get by? . . .

McFee is well within his privileges when he spurns them [the Freudian theories], but I am afraid he has no right to say that Miss West has peculiar notions of her own about psychoanalysis; as a good analytic patient I can vouch for her stuff as the McCoy . . .

New York City.

ANTHONY WEST.

SIR: I have just read the splendid letter by William McFee on the subject of New Republic reviews. Your heading for the letter asks, "Are We Top-Lofty?" and I hasten to answer that you are not only top-lofty but also lopsided. Indeed it is a comparatively rare thing to find one of your reviewers interested in doing anything but exhibiting his own superior cleverness and airing his own political and social philosophy. May we not have a new deal in reviews? Or perhaps your reviewers should write all the books. Surely competent and conscientious reviewers are plentiful, and surely reviews should be at least fairly reliable. I, for one, am fed up with NR reviews.

Memphis, Tenn.

A. THEODORE JOHNSON.

[Mr. W. Kermode, of Saranac Lake, New York, says, "I really think that William McFee hits the nail on the head in his letter of December 20. Very many of your book reviews are obviously the products of immaturity—a striving to appear clever at the expense of the author and his book." Mr. Kermode evidently pictures John Dewey and Robert Morss Lovett in short pants, and Edmund Wilson practically in swaddling clothes. Here are two letters that take the opposite point of view:]

SIR: I wish your readers would compare the unkind words that Mr. McFee speaks about Rebecca West with the very kind words he once had for Joan Lowell. He wasn't a bit top-lofty about "The Cradle of the Deep." He swallowed it hook, line and donkey engine . . . For the rest, I have rarely found that New Republic reviewers assumed a superior attitude. If they condemn a book, they do so with good reason. To take a recent example, when Professor S. E. Morison said of Bernard Fay's "The Two Franklins" that "it would take an expert to say what is fact and what is Fay," he wasn't speaking as a jealous dilettante. He was speaking as an authority on the period, one who could do more accurate work himself—and has done so.

New York City.

VIVIAN ARCHER.

SIR: I note with interest Mr. McFee's letter in The New Republic of December 20. I am incompetent to take sides in a Benson vs. West controversy. I agree with Mr. McFee in protest against the critic who implies, "I could do a better job myself." Whether true or not, such statement or implication proves nothing about the excellence of the job in question. But I think not many

critics do that, and that Mr. McFee is really kicking about the critic who intimates: "I would myself prefer to refrain from doing a job so badly." An old top-lofter myself, I think what The New Republic needs is more, rather than fewer, tough, skeptical and cynical reviews of the latter sort. I recognize the probability of conflict with the publishers' vested interest.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

New York City.

Seriatim to Mr. Rorty

SIR: The present situation is reason for emphasizing the following generally unrecognized facts regarding "collective bargaining":

1. The total of all corporation profits, in excess of ordinary interest on actual investment, does not normally exceed 3 percent of the national income, or, perhaps, 4 percent of wages and other direct and indirect returns for personal service. Much qualified opinion holds that there are no real "profits" in excess of an average 4-percent interest.
2. Collective bargains must operate primarily to benefit particular groups of workers at the cost of increased prices to other workers and to consumers as a whole.
3. Closed-shop agreements, in spite of some practice to the contrary, very generally operate through arbitrary restrictions on production to cause substantially greater price increases than are required by increased wage rates alone.
4. Labor conflicts are fundamentally conditioned by the fanatically held belief of labor unions that an employer who fails to agree on wage rates with his employees should not be permitted to resume operations by employing other workers at the locally current market wage.

If it be true that relative market wages represent, in the long run, the fairest measures of relative labor values, then the public interest lies clearly in assuring: (a) that employers who are able to do so shall not fail to pay a fair market wage; (b) that collective agreements shall not require the payment of wage rates in excess of the fair market, or involve arbitrary restrictions on production, at the cost of consumers; and (c) that prices in general shall be so regulated as to leave only reasonable margins for profits and managerial salaries.

Certainly there will be little hope for the development of sound labor relations, or of the true possibilities and limitations of collective bargaining, until the preceding facts and points of view are more dispassionately canvassed.

Lusby, Md.

M. C. RORTY.

[It seems a waste of space, at this stage of the world's history, to have to state again the long established case for collective bargaining. Nevertheless we shall try to answer Mr. Rorty seriatim, and as briefly as possible.

1. We know of no comprehensive and reliable study of corporation profits. Much depends on accurate accounting information, on the interpretation given this information, on one's definition of "normal," etc. We are certain there is no valid proof that profits are "normally" so small that they could never be shaved for the benefit of wages.
2. Whether profits are 20 percent of the national income or only 3 percent, it is a ridiculous non-sequitur to say that collective bargaining can benefit only particular groups of workers at the expense of other groups. Cannot the national income increase? It did so increase from 1923 to 1929; wages rose and so did profits. Profits in fact rose much more than wages. Wages could have risen far more than they did, without diminishing the percentage of profits to the national income during this period.
3. Closed-shop agreements do not generally contain arbitrary restrictions on production, and those restrictions which they do contain are, except in rare cases, of slight importance. It is evident that Mr. Rorty is simply repeating a prejudice, and that he does not know the facts. On the contrary, it has been well established that important restrictions of production frequently occur in non-union shops. Furthermore, collective bargaining, by equalizing wage rates upward, provides a stimulus to greater efficiency on the part of the employer, since

he can no longer cut his costs at the expense of the workers.

4. Labor conflicts are often fundamentally conditioned by the belief fanatically held by many employers, as by Mr. Rorty, that genuine collective bargaining should be suppressed. If an employer who fails to agree on wage rates with his employees does employ other workers at the "market wage," collective bargaining breaks down, and individual bargaining takes place.

It is not true that "markets wages" represent, either in the long or the short run, the fairest measure of relative labor values, unless these market wages result from collective bargaining. Even then, of course, labor does not obtain out of our productive resources nearly so great an income as it could obtain under a more efficient system.—THE EDITORS.]

Is America's Face Red!

SIR: Under the title "Children Here and Abroad," a recent issue of The Moscow Daily News editorializes thus on education during the depression:

In 1933 the R.S.F.S.R. spent 1,114 million rubles on the building of schools. This growth in schools was accompanied by a corresponding increase in the number of pupils. . . . In the present economic crisis, is there one capitalist state not taking the line of least resistance and cutting educational budgets? Recently a number of secondary schools were closed in Chicago, one of the richest cities in the world. In the lower schools music, gymnastic and handicraft lessons have been curtailed owing to lack of funds. In Alabama 85 percent of all primary and secondary schools have been closed. In other states the school term has been reduced to three months a year. This decision has set the U.S.A. back to the system of thirty years ago.

Just what is the answer, anyhow, to this statement of obvious fact? It's enough to make us believers in capitalism turn red, at least in the face.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE.

Connecticut College, New London, Conn.

Extracts from Letters

MR. CHARLES H. PROUTY of Tracy, Minnesota, writes to us to explain why the Roosevelt Recovery Program is not more popular with the farmers and why the demand for inflation continues as strong as ever. "It is childish to average up the prices of what farmers buy and what they sell. . . . I haven't bought a tractor or radio since '29 and the fact that many such things have not risen in price is not important. A large proportion of my income buys clothes, groceries and gas—which have risen 47 percent. On the selling side, the price of corn has increased 300 percent, a nice addition to the price average but a poor aid to farm purchasing power, since, with an 80-percent crop, more farmers must *buy* corn," 92 percent of which is fed to livestock, "which averages cheaper than a year ago."

Our readers will be interested in the formation, under the wing of the Technical Bureau of New York City, of an allied Medical Bureau "for the exchange of discoveries and conclusions in medical research" between Russia and the United States. Information about the project will be available to those interested at the Bureau's office, Room 330, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

The Child Study Association of America, through its publicity director Cora Flusser, wishes to inform our readers of a conference that will be held on January 19 and 20, 1934, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City. The discussion will revolve around "the family and its function today," and will take up the question of economic and social changes in modern society and their relation to the modern family. More than thirty specialists in sociology, psychology, education, religion, social work, etc., are now holding preparatory meetings. Anyone who is interested in receiving a detailed program may do so by making a request to the headquarters of the Child Study Association, 221 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Two German Heretics¹

HERR Marcuse's book on Heine is not a biography in the conventional sense. It does not give a complete record of his life, or an account of his works, or a critical estimate of them. It takes for granted a considerable familiarity on the reader's part with Heine. But it gives a thoughtful, frequently an illuminating, interpretation of one of the most significant personalities of the nineteenth century in the light of the peculiar individual circumstances, as well as of the general circumstances of the age—the long reaction that followed the overthrow of Napoleon, the consolidation of bourgeois power, the emergence of socialist and communist ideas. His studies of the period lead Herr Marcuse into several rather long digressions on the condition of the Jews in Germany; on Prince Metternich, the brains of the European reaction; on Saint-Simon, first of the great utopians. The pages treating of Mathilde—Heine's mistress, then his wife—are among the best in the book; they give a wholly credible, lifelike and sympathetic portrait of her. The translation is excellent.

Heine was an exceptionally clear thinker, but no systematizer. Esthetics entered into his politics. He hated aristocracy and plutocracy, yet he dreaded the coming triumph of the communistic workers, which he foresaw: These barbarians and ascetics, he feared, would use his beautiful poems for the wrapping of groceries. (He wrote before Marx, when the equalitarian workers' communism was colored by early-Christian ideas.) But this did not prevent him from writing "The Weavers," that astounding song of revolt—"Old Germany, we are weaving thy death-shroud, We are weaving in the threefold curse, We are weaving, we are weaving!"—which the Chicago anarchists sang when led to their execution; or from singing in "Germany, A Winter's Tale" of the kingdom of heaven that is to be brought down to this earth.

All his life he had to skate on thin ice. His artist's nature craved the good things of life; and Mathilde, too, had somewhat expensive tastes. His works, past and to come, were forbidden in Germany. He depended on the bounty of his uncle Solomon, the great Hamburg banker, he accepted favors from the Paris Rothschild, yet he strove hard to maintain his independence, and did not shrink from exercising his wit upon his benefactors to their faces. When Rothschild told of his discovery that the Seine was fresh and clear at its source, Heine replied: "Yes, your father too is said to have been an upright man." When this prototype of Balzac's Baron de Nucingen said that he could buy up a certain coterie of writers and artists, Heine replied: "Yes, that may be, but will you be able to sell them at a profit?"

A lover of life, a foe of Christian renunciation, he remarked when annoyed excessively by some new absurdity of Mathilde: "There is something to be said for Platonism, too." A freethinker all his life, a pantheist, his protracted death-agony in the "mattress-grave" wrung from him a confession of belief in divine providence. But what a confession! The "little so-called German Aristophanes" sub-

mitted himself to the "great heavenly Aristophanes," who played on him a long-drawn-out colossal, cruel jest, and one not quite original at that. Since he himself had managed his affairs so badly, he was willing to hand them over to a heavenly manager, who no doubt would prove a more generous publisher than Campe, and would even add a bonus—his soul's immortality, "just as the butcher adds gratis a fine marrow-bone to the basket of a good customer."

Nearly every biographer, including Herr Marcuse, speaks of the rift in Heine's soul, of his discordant nature. On the contrary, his was a most joyous nature, one that could extort a song and a jest out of the most tragic situation. Some of his most exquisite poetry and most luminous prose was composed in the mattress-grave. He clung to life desperately, and he continued to produce until the end. Not he but the time was out of joint.

Heine rated Luther above all Germans, even above Lessing, whom he especially delighted to honor, for his genius and courage as well as for the ill fortune that invariably pursued him. The reason for this veneration of Luther is not difficult to understand. Heine, like Lassalle after him, was never quite able to shed his German-philosophical skin. Notwithstanding his keen, realistic eye for the living present, the past history of mankind he viewed as a conflict of ideas, and he regarded the Reformation as the starting point of the German revolution—which was intellectual, as the French was practical. The overthrow of the hierarchy democratized the Church and humanized religion;

The Indian-Gnostic element disappears, the Judean-Deistic element comes to the fore. . . . The priest becomes human, takes a wife and begets children. . . . God becomes a heavenly bachelor, the legitimacy of his Son is disputed, the Madonna loses her claim to the crown of heaven, and is ordered to work no more miracles.

But strange to say, the Devil remains. Dr. Lipsky informs us that occasionally doubt might arise in Luther's mind concerning God, or Christ, or even the Pauline (Luther's own) doctrine of justification by faith. But the reality of the Devil, Luther never doubted; again and again he saw his Satanic majesty with his own eyes. God stood for the world as it should be, but the Devil stood for the world as it is, with all its evil, its temptations and its sufferings—and the skill of the Jewish physicians. Also, of course, the refusal of the Jews to be converted. For Luther had not risen to the height of the Hitler doctrine, that Jewish blood is the Devil.

Dr. Lipsky's book gives a straightforward account of Luther's life and work. It may do as somewhat old-fashioned biography, but it is quite inadequate as a historical study. It shows the man as he was, but not what made him the man he was. The attempt to explain him by translating his theology into modern psychology is quite futile. No advance in historical understanding is made by substituting "identification" for "justification." The evolution of religion can be understood only as one phase of the total historical process. Theological doctrine is not independent of the general social psychology of a given age, as we can see with our own eyes. Occasionally Dr. Lipsky casts a

¹ Heine, by Ludwig Marcuse. Translated by Louise M. Sieveking and Ian F. D. Morrow. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 345 pages. \$3.

Martin Luther, by Abram Lipsky. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 305 pages. \$3.

glance at the realities of the German situation in Luther's time—he can't help it, the recorded facts stare him in the face—but immediately he averts his eye. For decades before the American Civil War, the halls of Congress rang with the great debate concerning state sovereignty *vs.* national sovereignty, but the great stakes were the unoccupied lands of the West and the tariff. At a time when the Church ruled society and colored all its thought, the strife of theological doctrines signified just as much as the strife of constitutional doctrines was to signify in nineteenth-century America. Theological doctrines were the slogans of economic interests, political parties, social classes.

In Luther's time the Church of Rome had countless foes in Germany. The Church was one of the great feudal powers, a keystone of the social and political system of feudalism. But feudalism had passed its apogee; it was on the decline. The money economy was displacing the natural economy. Everybody wanted money: the princes and nobles, ecclesiastical as well as lay, for new armaments (cannon) and new luxuries from abroad; the wealthy burghers, for their commercial operations; the plebeians and peasants, for the payment of taxes, old and new. But the Papacy was carrying vast sums of money out of the country through the sale of indulgences and benefices, and in other ways. The hatred of the peasants toward the Church was shown in the Peasants' War, when they burned down monasteries and castles indiscriminately; the ecclesiastical lords were as oppressive as the lay barons.

The territorial princes, nobles and city patricians lusted after the wealth of the Church in order to satisfy their greed for money. There was no central power to restrain them. The imperial power was a shadow. The numerous territorial princes, nobles and free cities were practically independent sovereigns. At the same time the old class organization was breaking up under the impact of the new power—money. The knights, threatened with loss of their independent status, rose in revolt under the leadership of Franz von Sickingen and Ulrich von Hutten; they were defeated. When the peasants rose, they were joined by knights like Götz von Berlichingen (who betrayed them), Florian Geyer and Wendel Hipler, as well as by numerous priests. The plebeians of many towns made common cause with the peasants and opened the gates to them. The Church, conservative as ever, was hated by all these restless elements, caught in the whirl of a disintegrating world; they were determined to overthrow its power and possess themselves of its wealth. That was the meaning of the Reformation.

The only question was: In whose interest and to whose advantage was the Reformation to be made?—just as in our day the question is: In whose interest is the new economy to be planned, if it is to be planned? Luther aligned himself with the territorial princes, the nobles and the city patriciate. Thomas Münzer took the side of the peasants and city plebeians. And Luther's party won. One hundred thousand peasants were killed in battle or executed. Their captured leaders were cruelly tortured and roasted alive on slow fires, while the gentlemen feasted their eyes and bellies; the few that escaped were assassinated on foreign territory by hired bravos. The Reformation became princely and aristocratic, but southern and western Germany, the principal theatre of the Peasants' War, was lost to the Reformation.

Undoubtedly Luther possessed the qualities requisite for leadership. His energy was daemonic. He was a great scholar, the foremost German writer of his day, master of the popular idiom; indeed, he was the creator of the German literary language. (He found the printing press ready

to hand.) He was a great orator, a matchless agitator. He was brutal toward the vanquished, pliable toward the victors. And he had the courage of his convictions. All the history books tell of his heroic stand before the Diet of Worms. But maybe Münzer was right when he claimed that it was safer for Luther to stand his ground than to retreat: "In your sermons you had promised the princes Bohemian [Hussite] gifts, monasteries and foundations. Had you wavered at Worms, you would have been stabbed to death, instead of being allowed to go free. Everybody knows this."

HERMAN SIMPSON.

Mademoiselle Nira

Roosevelt and His America, by Bernard Fay. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 345 pages. \$2.75.

La Crise du Capitalisme Américain, by Bertrand de Jouvenel. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. 387 pages. 24 francs.

TWO FRENCH observers have visited the United States, talked with people of different opinions, and written their own commentary on the American crisis. Both books—only one of them has been translated—contain shrewd remarks, some interesting conclusions and provocative theories, and are liberally sprinkled with generalizations which are often hasty and yet, at other times, strike with the sudden brilliance of a lightning flash upon truths more or less concealed to native Americans. One should add that Bertrand de Jouvenel goes deeper than Dr. Fay, concerning himself more with cause and effect than with the surface phases of the American crisis.

Dr. Fay has a great admiration for Roosevelt and he is best in his analysis of the President's personality and political method. He stresses Roosevelt's extraordinary understanding of mass reaction and his ability to turn that reaction to his own ends, to mold and manipulate it for his own purposes. Under Dr. Fay's keen scrutiny one sees subtleties in Roosevelt's character that one had scarcely suspected and, beneath the affable, smiling exterior, a sure sense of what it takes to rule as volatile and as diffuse a people as the Americans.

In the interval between his election and his inauguration—that critical, chaotic interlude—the President, in Dr. Fay's opinion, demonstrated his sure understanding of American psychology as never before. He was aware of the sullen mood of the mass, a mood of sharp impatience with Hoover and all his works, a mood of impatience with those who wanted to tinker and temporize. Roosevelt knew that the American people needed a profound and dramatic shock to unify them behind a leader; and Dr. Fay thinks that he therefore deliberately permitted the banks and credit of the nation to drift to the very edge of ruin. With a stroke of vivid drama he rescued them from the abyss; then, with the weight of the mass behind him, he began the huge task of reviving the dying structure.

For all its shrewdness, the book has a curious air of unreality; perhaps it is because Dr. Fay confines himself almost entirely to political aspects, describing what seem to be surface reflections of profound changes in the economic depths. In contrast M. de Jouvenel digs deep into America's economic past in order to explain the present.

He sees us as a people almost completely regimented by the conditions of our economic life, as a static society, lacking in flexibility. Through our system of education and our press we have been taught to believe that, since this is the best of all societies in the best possible of worlds, there is no room for change. M. de Jouvenel's examination of

education in America is particularly searching. He points to the position of the teacher as an employee of the taxpayers, *i. e.*, the business men, of the community—one whose function is therefore to create good consumers, "good," that is uncritical, citizens.

What M. de Jouvenel has to say of the press in America today is even more pertinent to the present situation. After reviewing the era of the muckrakers, culminating in the Pujo investigation of 1912, he points to the lesson in propaganda that large-scale capitalists learned from the War. He traces the way in which the capitalists, through their large advertising contracts and their public-relations directors, not only subsidized the press for their immediate ends, but fostered the legend that all American wealth was self-made, that all rich men were Edisons and Fords—in short, "the golden legend of American capitalism."

What most impressed M. de Jouvenel during his last extended stay in America in 1931 was the absence of any sense of national responsibility. He believes that up to the present Roosevelt's chief contribution has been to bring a kind of national unity out of the chaos, if only by the stirring example of his energy. Whether Roosevelt will undertake the "structural reform" of American economy which M. de Jouvenel sees as inevitable, the author does not venture to say.

Although Dr. Fay's avowed objective is the enlightenment of Europeans who are at a loss as to the real meaning of the changes taking place in this country, American readers should gain considerable understanding from his book. And an American audience might gain even more from a translation of M. de Jouvenel's. MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

Development of a Poet

Poems: 1924-1933, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 304 pages. \$3.

MR. MACLEISH is one of the best of contemporary poets, and also one of the most interesting—two statements which do not mean quite the same thing: for a considerable part of one's interest, in his case, is, and has always been, in the question why he is not better than he actually is, and *more* interesting. His virtues are obvious. He is vivid, he is various, he is energetic, he is experimental. More than most poets, he has given his hand away, in the sense that he has either deliberately or accidentally invited the public to participate in his private dilemma: one need only cite the title of one of his books, "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish." Whether accidental or deliberate, this is courageous—though more courageous if deliberate; one of the most useful of the poet's functions is just such a projection of the private world into the world at large; and this, willy nilly, Mr. MacLeish has done. He has, in a word, made us walk with him and think with him. He has compelled us to listen, by the sheer persuasion of his voice—but not only by that, also by a suggestion that he faces a problem, that to be a modern man involves inevitably a facing of a problem, the necessity of a decision.

Unfortunately, it is at precisely this point that Mr. MacLeish lets us down. He dons the robe of the prophet, with one hand, only to doff it with the other. In "The Pot of Earth" and the "Hamlet," he seemed to be saying that life was pretty futile, a waste land (with variations) of private despair in a mechanistic world which scarcely deserved the lifting of an active hand. In "Conquistador," on the contrary, he seemed to be saying just the opposite: that the desideratum was action; and if he said this not

quite convincingly, or not quite successfully, this serves only to increase our feeling that he was not quite convinced himself, or that he perhaps shrank from the implications of his own statement. One's feeling about this is heightened by a peculiar remark in the foreword to the present selection from his poems. He says of it that it does not "purport to trace [my] development as a poet. My development as a poet is of no interest to me and of even less interest, I should think, to anyone else." Try as one will, one cannot think this is quite honest. One might as well say that one's growth as a human being, as a tree, as a world, or even as a God, is of no concern either to oneself or to another. It simply isn't true. One *is*, and profoundly, interested in one's own growth: one cannot escape it: and to deny one's interest is perhaps merely (inversely) to overstate it. Is it possible that Mr. MacLeish is *over*-concerned with his development as a poet, just as we are?

There is much to be said for this possibility. For Mr. MacLeish has not developed. He has evolved, it is true, but he has evolved in a circle—revolved is the better word—always remaining, in his progress, equidistant, on the one hand, from the ego and, on the other, from the world. Is this the problem of the narcissist? He never sees either outside or in. He can only alternately imitate those who understand and those who conquer. And there is a quality in Mr. MacLeish's poetry which suggests this sort of adaptation—a kind of ventriloquism; one is thinking here of the mere tone of it, the verbal and prosodic one; he speaks now with one voice, now with another, always with a sort of approximate authenticity, because he has genius, but never quite authentically. His voice is sometimes that of the Eliot of "Gerontion"—more often that of the Pound of the "Cantos" or of "Cathay": a solution or dilution of these: apart from either, it appears convincing: compared, it at once seems to lack force or precision. It makes one suspect that Mr. MacLeish is still "immature," unformed: as if, afraid to look prolongedly either inward or outward, but with a genius for talking, he must at least take a fashionable part.

This may appear unjust. The poet who wrote "Einstein" and "You, Andrew Marvell," to mention only the two best, and in different sorts, needs no apologist. These are among the finest poems of our generation, and both have behind them a kind of "tough thinking" which compels us to expect better things of Mr. MacLeish than he has yet given us. Why, instead, must he go on giving us his so extraordinarily skillful pastiche of evasions? In this regard, to read over, in the present collection, "The Pot of Earth," the "Hamlet," "Conquistador" and the shorter poems, is simply to renew one's feeling that the technical genius which goes into these might better be directed to a more specific and more individual purpose. What this purpose might be, or what the direction, one cannot possibly presume to indicate. One cannot suggest development to one who dislikes the idea of development: at most, one can suggest a point of departure. The point of departure, one might say, is the nostalgic, the note of self-pity, the "pathos of distance," which everywhere cries and rings in these poems—so much so that one eventually thinks of them as all one repetition of the same theme. Whether it is the wind, or the weather, or the remembrance of things past, or the desire to be remembered, or the impossibility of being remembered or of remembering, it all comes to the same thing—it is like somebody speaking to himself in a mirror, listening affectionately to his own voice, watching his own expression, playing a part. Mr. MacLeish can do better than this—he has already proved it. He has the means, he only lacks the aim. Already a poet to make us all envious, if he could only

break this glass and walk either inward on himself, or outward to the world, he could perhaps say what no other contemporary poet could say.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Jacob Wassermann

My Life as German and Jew, by Jacob Wassermann. Translated by S. J. Brainin. New York: Coward-McCann. 282 pages. \$2.50.

WASSERMANN once told me he was a fatalist. When I remonstrated with him about it he became morose; his eyes grew reminiscent with grief: "My life has made me what I am," he murmured. What answer could one make to that? This fatalism had much to do with his sudden death. Had he been less of a tragic poet and more of a realist he might have saved himself. I am sure it is not at all an overstatement that Wassermann died as much of bitter disillusionment as of angina pectoris. Had he been more flexible, less proud, he would have done what his neighbor Stefan Zweig did: fled the nightmare of Nazi Styria. Instead, with masochistic stubbornness, he chose to expose himself to the savagery of the anti-Semites. He lived in his lonely mountain home in constant danger of mob violence, a pariah, a broken man, brooding forlornly over the cataclysm that had engulfed the German people and mourning over the humiliation of the Jewish spirit. His life's bitterest yearning and aberration, to be regarded as a German author, no longer had any validity. Wassermann had nothing further to live for. He had already died in his soul.

The tragic dénouement to his life appears altogether logical and inevitable when we read his autobiography. It is a stark and compelling work, full of the terror and beauty that lie in self-revelation. From the very beginning, Wassermann was obsessed with a knowledge of the evil and injustice in the world; his own bitter experiences later made him cry out against them. The problem of good and evil, of justice and injustice, accordingly formed the *Leitmotiv* of his work. He was messianic, the artist as consoler and prophet, for he fully recognized that his passion for justice "grew out of a long memory of suffering, a tortured path of suffering." It was the Jewish *idée fixe*.

But what really constituted the greatest tragedy of Wassermann's life and, by implication, also the tragedy of German Jewry and of all Jews throughout the Diaspora, was his insistence that not only was he a Jew but a German as well. Of course he was fully aware of the consequences: "His twofold love and his struggle on two fronts drive him close to the brink of despair. The German and the Jew: I once dreamed an allegorical dream, but am not sure that I can make it clear. I placed the surfaces of two mirrors together; and I felt as if the human images contained and preserved in the two mirrors would have to fight one another tooth and nail."

The German people refused to accept him as a German author, although it was condescendingly proud of the glory he was bringing to German letters. The fate of Heinrich Heine has been the consistent fate of German writers of Jewish origin; they have been praised to the accompaniment of jeers—though the jeers, until Hitler's rise to power, had been muffled for the sake of culture and enlightenment. Wassermann, together with all other German Jews, discovered his mistake, but it was too late. He had wished to be regarded as a German, for he loved the Germans more than the Jews. Therefore their rejection of him caused him "the greatest sorrow."

On a wall in his workroom hangs a polychrome wood-carving by the medieval peasant-sculptor Agricola. It is that of the crucified Christ, tormented, and helpless in the grip of his pain. Wassermann, ever symbolically minded, may have placed it there for more than esthetic reasons.

NATHAN AUSUBEL.

What We Inherit

Nature and Nurture, by Lancelot Hogben. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 143 pages. \$2.75.

LANCELOT HOGBEN is one of the most intelligent and highly gifted of living scientists, both in his general attitude toward society and in his special work as a geneticist. His latest book carries further some of his researches into the medical aspects of human heredity. Designed primarily for advanced students it discusses, with mathematical precision, the "principle of random mating," consanguineous parentage and the enormously complex problem of "familial disease." "Nature" and "nurture," the two strands of the human enigma, can neither be followed nor disentangled by trusting to emotion or hunches. "Our parents," says Mr. Hogben in one of his epigrammatic moments, "do not endow us with characters. They endow us with *genes*." And, although about thirty known incurable diseases have definitely genetic origins, we are not allowed to forget that "no statement about a genetic difference has any scientific meaning unless it includes or implies a specification of the environment in which it manifests itself in a particular manner."

We can thus readily understand Hogben's dislike of "the ultra-Calvinistic attitude of Galton and his disciples." It leads him to say, in connection with recent studies of twins, that "no conclusions about inborn differences based on comparisons of different occupational and racial groups have any scientific validity." And not many scientists outside of Soviet Russia—which Hogben knows at first hand—have either the vision to realize or the courage to say "that the selfishness, apathy and prejudice which prevent intellectually gifted people from understanding the character of the present crisis in civilization are a far greater menace to the survival of culture than the prevalence of mental defect in the technical sense of the term."

HAROLD WARD.

Three Little Rebels

Worth Remembering, by Rhys James. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

THIS AMUSING novel, "not for children," tells the adventures of three *enfants terribles* in a Southern town. Miss James writes a little like Thomas Nelson Page—"When interfered with he gave concrete evidence of the possession of a fiery temper and an excellent pair of lungs." But one forgets the stilted style as her book progresses. She has an accurate ear and gets her comic effects through dialogue and in a highly original manner. It is the children's language rather than their adventures that is amusing. Their vocabulary is that of the old Negro mammy who has taken care of them since infancy. One is surprised to find how rich and flexible that vocabulary is. These twentieth-century children use aptly archaic phrases whose origin will be obscure to many a modern reader. "I can't take everything and go to mill"—"I wouldn't trust you from the door to the dungle"—"Bre'r Elias in the

cool"—this last an ejaculation of astonishment. Their vocabulary even includes expressions of pious resignation: "Live and learn, die and forget it all"; "Marster, help me to fight this battle." For fighting words they draw on the barnyard: "I'll put my foot on your neck and wring it like a chicken's," or, "hammer your head out long's a mule's." Scripture they are acquainted with, at least for purposes of metaphor. Bud attacks his breakfast egg by tapping the shell and sounding a warning: "Lazarus, come fo'th!" The publishers have compared this book to "The Innocent Voyage." There is little resemblance either in style or in method. The cruelty of Hughes's child heroine is made credible by means of the carefully constructed atmosphere of evil forces, natural and human; but Miss James tells her story episodically and her heroine is merely pathetic because she cannot compete in childish brutality with the little boys.

CAROLINE GORDON.

Books in Brief

RELIGION

THE OXFORD GROUP MOVEMENT, by Herbert Henson, Lord Bishop of Durham. *New York: Oxford University Press. 82 pages. \$1.*

Since its first "house party," held at Kuling, China in 1918, "Buchmanism," as the Oxford Group Movement is popularly known, has assumed such proportions that now the Lord Bishop of Durham deigns to consider and attack it. While Bishop Henson admits "that sectarian movements are infallible symptoms of ecclesiastical failure," he distrusts the enthusiasm of the movement, and questions the practice of "sharing" experience—often sexual experience. He is likewise skeptical of the "Quiet Time," with its notebooks and pencils to jot down chance words of divine guidance, which must be checked by the Inner Group, an oligarchy with power more absolute than that of the Pope. Finally he argues that the Group movement cannot, by its very nature, remain a part of the Established Church; but realizing its challenge, he suggests in a vague way a sort of Counter-Reformation.

WHAT IS THE OXFORD GROUP? by a Layman with a Notebook, with a Foreword by L. W. Grensted. *New York: Oxford University Press. 132 pages. \$1.25.*

Although written by "a layman with a notebook," this little volume, defining the tenets of Buchmanism, seems from its tone of authority to have been supervised by Fran. Buchman himself. Briefly and precisely it outlines the beliefs and practices of the group: its attitude toward sin, its Sharing Confession and Surrender ("the word 'conversion' is much despised by us moderns"), Restitution—"righting to the best of our ability the wrongs we have committed in the past"—Divine Guidance in daily life, and the Four Absolutes: Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness and Love. The political and personal aims of the Oxford Group are described in the last two sections of the book. Both for the disinterested spectator and the partisan, it is a practical handbook to what may be one of the important religious movements of our times.

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS, by Joseph J. Williams, S.J. *New York: The Dial Press. 257 pages. \$3.*

To distinguish between the creeds and sects of other racial groups is a difficult task, especially when such groups are illiterate. Father Joseph Williams, because of his training in research of this kind, his long residence in the West Indies and his familiarity with many African languages, is unusually competent to handle such a problem, and he is among the first to make a clear pathway into this intellectual jungle. The black natives of the Caribbean islands conceal their tribal rites from their white masters, and are very adept at inventing rituals for a Seabrook or other amateurs—thus, investigators have come away with much information

that is not authentic. Into the former confusion concerning the cults of witchcraft in the Caribbean, Father Williams has brought order. Voodoo, it is explained, developed from the organized snake worship of the Dahomans; whereas Obeah, the primitive system of invoking curses by professional sorcerers, was of Ashanti origin; Myalism was a development of the old religious dance of the Ashanti, its chief aim being to avert the spells of the Obeah sorcerers. In Jamaica these remnants of African primeval creeds were not taken seriously by the whites until they were found to be incentives to slave rebellions. All of these sects persist in the Caribbean and, in some cases, have merged with ritualistic phases of the Christian religion.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

AUDACITY! MORE AUDACITY! ALWAYS AUDACITY!
New York: The John Day Company. 31 pages. 25 cents.

This pamphlet is published in cooperation with the United Action Campaign Committee, of which John Dewey is chairman. Its argument is distinctly socialistic. The old capitalism—unrestricted production for profit—has failed. The New Deal is an attempt to correct some of the worst abuses of the old system, which is to be handed back to bankers and business barons when prosperity has returned. At the height of the latest panic, there was a chance to nationalize the banks and railroads, but the opportunity was allowed to slip by. The artificial limitation of the cultivated area is a costly absurdity. The N.R.A. is full of defects and loopholes; if prosperity returns, it will be discontinued; but if continued, it will come under the control of big business. To avoid catastrophe—a descent into fascism—there is need of "a united party of the people," which will effect a peaceful nationalization of the major industries and establish a better social order. Of course, the Marxists will say that the lame conclusion follows from the refusal to recognize the existence of classes with divergent interests among "the people"; that this is a failing common to the lower middle class and its spokesmen in all countries; and that the socialism of these people can never be other than "average"

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and "vulgar"—to use two favorite words of Friedrich Engels—because it has been adopted half-heartedly.

FORESTRY: AN ECONOMIC CHALLENGE, by Arthur Newton Pack. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 161 pages. \$1.25.*

The author discusses the changes in the forestry situation as well as in the concept of the part that forestry plays in our national economy. He urges a national policy embracing a scientific study of conditions in the various forest regions together with a coördinated, countrywide afforestation plan under government supervision.

IMMIGRATION AND ASSIMILATION, by Hannibal Gerald Duncan. *New York: D. C. Heath and Company. 900 pages. \$3.80.*

Hannibal Gerald Duncan, instructor in the University of Colorado, has written a textbook almost equally divided into two sections. The first gives the historical, social and religious background of all the nationalities that come to our shores; and the second is a series of autobiographical sketches and case histories that illustrate the reaction and adaptation of immigrants and their children and grandchildren to the American scene. The author has not stressed the great discrepancy between assimilation in urban and in rural surroundings.

FICTION

REBA DURHAM, by Albert Truman Boyd. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.*

Mr. Boyd uses the background of a New Hampshire farm as the setting for a novel involving the conflict of personalities. The Tierneys, father and three sons, have, after drastic struggling, freed their land of debt and brought themselves to a position where they can envision a future. Reba Durham, orphaned daughter of a drunkard, has relationships with each of the brothers in turn, distracting their group loyalty, and becoming peculiarly essential to each of them. She marries the oldest brother, and the entire family moves into the new home which they have built to realize a long-standing dream. After an accident in which the father is

killed, Reba is exposed before the three brothers. She walks off, leaving them to face each other and to assimilate the common knowledge of her infidelities as well as their loss of her and their father. This novel has the merit of sincerity, but good intentions do not compensate the reader for lifeless pages and dull dialogue.

Contributors

ELIZABETH H. GARRETT, formerly assistant editor of *The Living Age*, has been making a study of the birth-control movement.

JOSHUA KUNITZ has made extensive travels in, and studies of, Russia. He is the author of a book on the Jew in Russian literature.

EUNICE CLARK, a Vassar graduate, was an editor of *The Housatonic*, an undergraduate magazine published in New England during summer vacations.

NORMAN MACLEOD was the American editor of the trilingual magazines *Front* and *Morada*. Last summer he was on the staff of *The Moscow Daily News*.

HERMAN SIMPSON, publicist and editor, wrote one of the chapters of the recent symposium, "Recovery through Revolution."

MARQUIS W. CHILDS is on the staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. His short study, "Sweden: Where Capitalism Is Controlled," is soon to appear as a John Day pamphlet.

CONRAD AIKEN, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1929, is the author of widely known volumes of poems and novels. His latest novel, "Full Circle," was published last spring.

NATHAN AUSUBEL is the author of "Superman: Frederick the Great," a biography of the Prussian soldier-king.

CAROLINE GORDON, novelist and short story writer, is the author of "Penhally," a novel about the South. She has contributed to *Scribner's* and *The Criterion*.

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